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The Critic

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Literature

Johanna Ambrosius

Gedichte von Johanna Ambrosius. Herausg. von Karl Schrattenthal.
With Portrait. New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

A VERY REMARKABLE figure has appeared within the last year on the horizon of German literature. Johanna Ambrosius, a woman of the people, has published a small book of verses, which in twelve months has gone through nearly as many editions, and at which all who read must wonder. Mr. Karl Schrattenthal was the discoverer of her talent and the editor of the present volume. We read his introduction with great interest; for in it he gives a sketch of the poet's life, astonishing in its bare, almost brutal, simplicity. Here is a woman's existence reduced to its simplest expression, deprived of all grace of surroundings, of all that we are apt to think indispensable to poetry and the poetical atmosphere; a life in which culture was an unattainable luxury and intellectual companionship a thing apparently unknown. All the great human experiences have come to this woman in rugged intensity, without accessories, but they have struck sacred fire from her ardent spirit. The conditions of her life are almost incredible and far surpass Carlyle's Utopia of independent simplicity. Poverty as she has known it is a rude taskmaster, and Johanna Ambrosius has endured the prick of its goad since her earliest childhood. In feeble health, she has worked year in and year out, not at her woman's work only, but on the threshing-floor and in the stable, to support her family and keep the wolf from the door.

Yet when the weary day was over, she could shut herself up in her room and write verses, beautiful verses, deserving the world's attention. She has come nearer to real life and real suffering than the ordinary poet, and she has been through the ordeal with all the fiery intensity of feeling which optimists assure us are usually spared to people in her circumstances. She says somewhere:—"He who like myself has sat at table with Want and has drunk from the same cup with Misery knows what living means." Yet sordid necessity has not crippled nor blinded her understanding: her look at life is broad and just; she faces it and realizes its inevitable issues. "Nothing is insatiable as the human heart," she writes. "If it has enough to eat and drink, it longs for costly vessels for the food to be served in, and once it possesses these, it would ask for the blue heavens as a table-cloth." It is rare that one who has often to go without the bare necessities of life should take in so clearly that "progressive desire" is a universal characteristic of the human heart.

The outline of Johanna Ambrosius's life, as Mr. Schrattenthal gives it, is more than simple; perhaps as her friend he felt unable to give us a fuller account of it. She was born on 3 August 1854, at Lengwethen, a small village in East Prussia. She was the second child of a workingman. As a little girl she went to the village school, but only until her eleventh year, when her time was required for household work. Their mother was an invalid, and Johanna and her sister, while yet mere children, were called on to do all the work for the family—cooking, sweeping, washing and scrubbing. Their father, fortunately, was fond of books, and did what he could to make up to the children for the advantages they were obliged to forego. As a great treat he allowed them to take the *Gartenlaube*, a weekly illustrated magazine, and they were glad enough to deprive themselves of any other pleasure for the sake of this literary luxury. For many years its pages seem to have been their only intellectual pasturage, and Johanna describes the unfailing delight of poring

over them after the hard day's work was done. As a young girl the unfortunate poet went into service, but seems to have been very unhappy, for she soon returned to her home. Does the poem entitled "Einst zog ich in die Welt hinaus" give us the spiritual expression of this bitter experience?

"Einst zog ich in die schlimme Welt hinaus,
Ein kind noch rein am Herzen und Gemüte,
Es ging kein Engel mit vom Vaterhaus,
Dass er mich vor dem Sündenfall behütete.
Umtost vom Schwarme der Versucher, glitt
Ich aus und fiel, vergebens war mein Beten,
Wie meine arme Seele Qualen litt—
Als mich die Sünde in den Staub getreten.

O böse Zeit, ich denke oft daran,
Wie ich verachtet wurde und gemieden,
Was man mit Spott und Hohn mir angethan,
Kein einziger Auge winkte Trost und Frieden.

* * * * *
Ich hab gesühnt, was ich dereinst gefehlt,
Kann frei das Aug' zu Gott und Menschen heben,
Und jene, die mich bitter einst gequält
Sie kommen lächelnd, mir die Hand zu geben.

* * * * *
Nur eine Narbe tief in meiner Brust,
Die brennt bis hin zu meinen letzten Tagen,—
Wie einst die Menschen stolz und selbstbewusst
Das kind gesteinigt und an's Kreuz geschlagen."

At twenty Johanna married a young peasant by the name of Voigt. We are told nothing of her subsequent life beyond the fact that a son and a daughter were born to the young couple, and that the struggle for existence was more strenuous than ever. The joys and sorrows of motherhood seem to wear a keener edge for her, sharpened as they are by the ever-present sense of poverty and want. Yet the note of joy predominates when she thinks and writes of her children, and such a poem as "Mein Bub" seems to have come from the heart of all happy mothers. It is this quality of universality which is so admirable in her verses. There is nothing of the village poet about her. One who did not read the introduction to these poems and the account of her life, would be at a loss to know where and when to place the author; for even where we can find trace of autobiography in here and there a verse, it is always the universally human side of the experience that is presented to us. Her poems have been compared to all that is classic in German literature, yet Herr Schrattenthal assures us that it is only within the last year or two that the works of the German Olympians have been accessible to her. She looks back regretfully on "those twelve dumb years." Had she been able to read one volume a year of Lessing, Schiller or Goethe, how rich she would have felt.

It is natural enough she should feel this, but it is doubtful if her work would have gained by it. Her feeblest and least interesting pieces are those where one can feel the influence of conventional romanticism. The unavoidable German mermaid with lily lips and clinging arms is dragged by her wet hair into these poems, which, but for her and an occasional allusion to the Muse and her lyre, are exceptionally spontaneous and sincere. Is it a memory of the *Gartenlaube* verses that haunts, and once in a while perverts, the poet? What we have keenly enjoyed in youth can never quite fail to please us as time goes on. The rainbow colors of our first poetic raptures still play about it, be it ever such tawdry sentimentalism. We hasten to say that there is very little of this to be found in the present volume. Some of the short poems have the true lyric touch, so particularly pleasing in German, where the use of the second person singular is both intimate

and poetical. The following, "So Geht's" and "Still," may serve as specimens, though it is hard to choose among so many that are charming:—

"Du gabst mir einmal eine Rose,
Mir ist, als ob ich's heute säh'.
Und, als ein Dorn mich blutig ritzte
Sprachst bebend du: 'That es dir weh?'

Dein Tüchlein legtest auf die Wunde,
Es war so lind und weiss wie Schnee;
Ich lachte ob der kind'schen Sorgen
Und sagte nur: 'Es thut nicht weh.'

Doch als von dir das Herz zerrissen
Mir ward wie einem wunden Reh,
Ist nicht im Traum dir eingefallen
Auch nur zu fragen: 'That es weh?'

"Still, still!
Wein nicht so heiss,
Einmal erkaltet
Alles zu Eis.

Bald, bald
Legt man dich kühl,
Eh's noch gedacht
Bist du am Ziel.

Weit, weit
Liegst dann der Schmerz,
Staub dein Gebein,
Staub auch dein Herz."

It is idle to ask what place Johanna Ambrosius would have occupied in her country's literature, had the hand of fate been more gracious to her. On the one hand it is doing her an injustice to look upon her work as merely phenomenal, with the same compassionate admiration we bestow on a composition by Helen Keller. On the other, one cannot but feel that life's handicap has been too severe; that too much vitality has had to go into the mere struggle for life; that her "Muse," as she likes to call her poetic inspiration, has been saddened and dispirited by the sordid experience. And yet these poems are quite worthy to stand by themselves, to be read for their own sake, without shadow of apology for their author's lack of intellectual opportunities. Had these opportunities been bestowed, her works would probably have been more numerous; it is doubtful if what we have before us would have been of better quality. After all, she has been through the full gamut of human experiences, and these must always be the same, be it for prince or pauper; and out of the fulness of her heart she sings of that which she has felt. The poet is born, not made, and with all that has been denied her, the gift of song was fully granted.

The Land of the Muskeg

By H. Somers Somerset. With a Preface by A. Hungerford Pollen. With 120 Illustrations from Sketches by A. H. Pollen and Instantaneous Photographs, and four Maps. J. B. Lippincott Co.

"THE MUSKEG" is neither a wild beast nor a wandering savage, but something more formidable to encounter than either. It is a treacherous swamp, covered with a deceitful green moss, which seizes the traveller's foot with unexpected grasp. Swamps of this kind, under different names, are found in various parts of the world, where extreme moisture combines with a chilling climate to create them; but northwestern America seems to be their special home. The plains of northwestern Canada, stretching eastward from the Rocky Mountains, and intersected by the "great Pearl River," are Mr. Somerset's "Land of the Muskeg," and he thus describes "the abomination," as he styles it:—

"At first sight a muskeg seems no very terrible affair. Green spongy moss covers the ground, while here and there lie small pools of clear water. One realizes that the moss is soft and wet, and that the travelling may be heavy, but nothing more. But no sooner have you set foot on its treacherous surface than the thing becomes more serious. The beautiful green moss seems to catch your foot as in a vice, and to rise swiftly towards you. When a man faints he sometimes imagines that the ground has risen up

and struck him; this is exactly the sensation of him who walks in a muskeg. You feel that you must quickly take another step before it is too late, and so you plod on, and soon you tire. In point of fact there is little danger of being sucked down, but the place has a most melancholy look. Nothing on earth can be so vividly green and yet so utterly desolate."

Strange to say, this region of swamps and almost continuous rains holds exactly the same position in northwestern Canada which is held farther south by the western portion of "the great American Desert," the home of almost constant drought. Of the latter region Mr. Somerset and his friend, Mr. Pollen, had had some experience in an earlier hunting trip, and it is hardly surprising that they were slow to credit the warnings of their hospitable entertainers in Edmonton, the northernmost town of settled Canada, who advised them against an expedition which would lead them to "certain misery and failure." They knew better; and when the warnings were proved true, they could find no other resource than to lay the blame on "the mendacious blue-books" of Canada. That the authors of these, in an over-eagerness to glorify their Dominion, may be somewhat at fault, must be admitted, particularly when we find an authoritative map put forth by the Canadian Agricultural Department, presenting inscriptions which proclaim this forbidding region to be a country of "rich soil," suitable for "wheat, melons and cucumbers." The plain-spoken denunciations of the present volume may do much good in warning intending emigrants from this deplorable country.

Mr. Somerset is a son of Lady Henry Somerset, and seems to have a superabundant stock of the young Englishman's fondness for hunting and exploration. He began early, as we learn from the preface of his friend (and, we may presume, his tutor and guardian), Mr. Pollen, that at this expedition he was only nineteen; and two years earlier he had made with Mr. Pollen "short hunting-trips in the mountains in the north of the state of Wyoming, and in the more southerly sierras of California." Their present intention was to strike north from Edmonton with a party of hunters and guides, and afterwards to turn westward across the Rocky Mountains to Fort M'Leod in British Columbia, and then to descend to the Pacific coast. In strictness, their expedition cannot be styled an actual failure, inasmuch as their plan was carried out, though at an immense cost in toils, perils and sufferings. But as a hunting and exploring trip the results were simply *nil*. They found little game, so little that their party barely escaped starvation; and the most eagerly sought of all, the American hunter's greatest prize, the Rocky Mountain "grizzlies," proved so scarce and shy, that, though the hunters had an occasional glimpse of them, and even heard them moving in the thick woods, they did not once get a shot at one. In the way of exploration they did no more than simply to follow back the track which that resolute and indefatigable explorer, Dr. G. M. Dawson of the Canadian Geological Survey, had made fourteen years before in coming eastward from British Columbia across the Rocky Mountains.

But if their trip was not a success, their book must certainly be pronounced one. From beginning to end it is made thoroughly attractive, and even fascinating, by the liveliness of the narrative, the vivid descriptions, the manly energy of the narrators, the undaunted spirit and cheerfulness with which their really serious troubles and disasters were borne, and the fund of interesting anecdote, humorous sallies, and keen reflections with which their pages are enlivened. If we write of the authors in the plural, it is because it is evident that Mr. Pollen's contributions went considerably beyond the preface and the illustrations. But the portions which are plainly Mr. Somerset's own are in noway inferior in literary style or in the personal traits they display. The history of their modes of travel, the descriptions of the country and the game, the accounts of the Indian tribes, with their remarkably contrasted traits, the notes on the Hudson's Bay Company, its forts, officers, and management, and the

references to the missionaries, Catholic or Protestant, are all in the best form. They evidently represent the conclusions of the five well-educated and well-travelled gentlemen who composed the exploring party, and are told in the pleasant and unaffected manner in which fair-minded and considerate men of the world relate their experiences. The volume may be heartily commended as one of the most interesting books of travel that have lately appeared. The numerous illustrations add not a little to its attractions. There are four good maps; and one can only regret, for the sake of readers who may desire to refer a second time to striking passages in it, that it has but a too-scanty table-of-contents, and no index. The printing and general make-up of the book are all that the most exacting reader could desire.

"Fly Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus"

By A. F. Mummery. Illustrated. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons

ALP-CLIMBING exercises a weird fascination over some souls, and draws them with a potency known only to the lovers of Lorelei. The high, pure air, the snowy distances, the charm of inaccessible peaks that dance and dazzle on the horizon, the sublime solitude and icy majesty—the very gentian and *Edelweiss* that embroider the hem of the eternal glacier—fraternize with the soul and pull it with elusive and resistless power to themselves, there to tiptoe on giddy precipices, and sometimes to rush into the beautiful, terrible arms of a loosened avalanche. This fairy fascination of Caucasian valleys and Matterhorn crags has kindled the eye of every traveller that has ever peeped into Himalayan abysses or at Alpine *aiguilles*. It wrapped itself about the spirit of the late Mr. Mummery, whose thrilling mountain climbs are recorded in the book before us, and who but lately, in a daring ascent of the Himalayas, perished in the mysterious way so familiar to readers of such records. Mr. Mummery was a perfect type of the simple Alp-lover, pure and unadulterated. He did not care for science or topography, for theodolites or plane-tables, for barometers or botany. To him mountain-climbing was the most exquisite form of physical exercise—a play for giants in lungs and legs, athletics glorified and transfigured by daring, danger and poetic experience.

It is the joy and frolic of sunshine holidays that sparkle in his pages and fill them with the breezy exhilaration of a genuine mountain-lover. To him, conquering a gorgeous Swiss summit never trodden except by the ghostlike feet of an Alpine sunset, was a real conquest: Matterhorn, Tempelsgrat, Col du Lion were to him Goliaths whom it was infinite fun to go out to slay; the great Gargantuán monsters might guffaw in his very face and yet he would attack them invincibly, and, roped together with his Swiss guides, would defy them to the teeth, climb their very spines, and finally crawl up on their very crowns, thence to dart inextinguishable delight and sarcasm at the timorous dwellers below. Chapter after chapter in this delightful book—delightful even in winter, with its thrills of physical joy and its exciting adventures—recounts the conquest of chasm and ridge and *sérac*; gullies of black-shining ice disappear almost magically before the indefatigable climber and his wife; there are no abysses for a man that climbs with teeth and toes: the crawling, bluish flames and flicker of innumerable will-o'-the-wisps around the Schwarzer See fail to terrify this healthy, exuberant Englishman. Brilliant ascents of trackless snow-wastes and "needles" encourage to more perilous encounters with the Spirit of the Brocken, and the traveller gazes with fascination over great ice walls into inky darkness and absolute silence.

Mr. Mummery's graphic pen traces these adventures with marvellous distinction; cold shivers run through us as we read his breathless threading of crevasses and howling *coulloirs*, along razor-edged ridges, through foaming mists and hysterical mountain torrents. Fancy looking through an eye-hole in a creviced rock into a vale 3000 feet deep! Mr. Mummery revels in descriptions of the Caucasian passes he has traversed; he indignantly repels Mr. Ruskin's assertion

that Alpineers regard mountains as "greased poles" and themselves as "mere gymnasts." A streak of vivid poetry runs through his book, whose watchword is "Health and Fun and Laughter." What a loss to the profession is his untimely death!

"Rose of Dutcher's Coolly"

By Hamlin Garland. Stone & Kimball

THIS NOVEL is heralded by the appreciative publishers as by far the most important piece of work Mr. Garland has yet produced. What he may have in store for us in the future, no one can say; but we are willing to agree that there is a measure of maturity and a consciousness of strength about this story which mark a certain stage of achievement. Of course, it is realistic to a degree; of course, it reminds us here of Zola, there of Mr. Howells: but its realism is a hearty, vivid, flesh-and-blood realism, which makes it readable even to those who disapprove most conscientiously of many things in it—very different from an attempt at reproducing life which we reviewed the other day, and over which we have observed Mr. Garland to wax notably enthusiastic. But we are reversing the usual order in which a disagreeable dose is administered, and saying first such good things as we feel able to say. Truth will have us mention the fact that there are also some very unsatisfactory features about the book. The first one noticed is the kind of English in which it is written. It was unkindly suggested, a short time ago, and out of Mr. Garland's beloved Chicago, that he should go to the length of investing in a style; we regret to notice that he has not yet thought fit to comply with the advice. If we had a column to spare, we could justify this announcement by copious instances, and take some amusement by the way; but we will only record one small point, which we select because it is time that somebody noticed it, not for Mr. Garland's benefit alone.

Stevenson says somewhere that mankind lives principally by catchwords, and perhaps new-born attempts at style are nourished in the same way. There is of late a class of young writers which has invented a new set of them, framed on the principle of borrowing French words and using them as English in season and out of season. One of the most wearisomely frequent is "riant," which appears duly in the book before us; and Mr. Garland adds an unusually bad new one, when he tells us that one of his characters was "ennuied." But there are more trying things than a bad style, and there is one here which deserves serious animadversion. Mr. Hardy's latest book, though the work of an acknowledged master, has met with unanimous and severe censure on the score of a certain unpleasant note, which sounds too frequently in it; we are bound to say, after reading both books, that "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly" leaves a more disagreeable taste in the mouth than "Jude the Obscure." Mr. Garland's word "sex-maniac" is barbarous enough; but the continual dwelling on (we had almost said gloating over) the thing is far worse. Here we do not care to particularize; we content ourselves with saying distinctly that what the author is so fond of calling a "clean-minded" young man or woman would be, if not simply puzzled, shocked and repelled by page after page of this book.

Zola's radical mistake is made throughout—that of taking perversions such as fall within the province of specialists, of a Nordau or a Lombroso, and painting them as inseparable attributes of human nature in general. For those who can get over these fundamental objections of manner and matter, there are some good things. Rose's old father, in his strong simplicity and unselfish love, is a touching and pathetic figure. The picture of Chicago life is thoroughly amusing by its blunt directness; it is hard to realize a civilization which sets down Boston as "bumptious," because it does not appreciate the true greatness of Chicago, but Mr. Garland would probably tell us that the star of empire will not be delayed upon its westward way by our amusement.

"New Orleans"

The Place and the People. By Grace King. Illus. by Frances E. Jones. Macmillan & Co.

THERE ARE certain cities in the world whose physiognomies are so picturesque that they stand out distinguished, like exceptional human beings, and catch the artistic eye as if accentuated by some brilliant splash of light. Towards such cities the spectator is always in the attitude of Beatrice Cenci—looking back, wondering, in reverie or in contemplation, studying, inspired, suddenly smitten with the presence of some grace unseen before, an unexpected mystery, a delightful shock. Athens, Rome, Constantinople, Paris—how perfectly individualized all these cities are, each girt with its own associations, each with that brilliant splash of light on its physiognomy, of which we have just spoken, not one that is not in the sisterhood of cities distinguished by an expression all its own, that would not in any circumstances be mistaken for any other, any more than Ophelia would be mistaken for Juliet, or Rosalind for Lady Macbeth, in the fair and thrilling world of Shakespeare. This individuality extends even to whole peoples, or Byron would never have called Italy the "Niobe of nations."

To the cities mentioned, New Orleans may well be added, not only as mirrored in Miss King's fascinating pages, but in its own voluptuous, languorous, Creole, sybarite self. The confluent grace of all nations seems to have met and blended harmoniously in this crescent-shaped city, whose complex population, like its complexion, is the result of multifarious combination. The propriety of things *per se* seems to have been consulted in the foundation of this eccentric city, whose tropical climate suggests a Latin origin, whose pleasures are those of Madrid and Naples, and whose intellectual and spiritual life runs in soft and rounded curves, like the crescent bend of its river front. In fact, one can scarcely conceive a purely Anglo-Saxon city springing up in the cypress swamps, among the trailing vines and bearded trees of the lower Mississippi, without its speedily becoming enervated in true Romance fashion and taking on the airy graces and soft luxury of a Mediterranean town. Miss King brings out in its indefinable charm all the early history of this French town, its Canadian origin, perpetual contact with the life and the politics of the eighteenth century in France, its recurrent inoculations with Parisian, Spanish and American influence. She proves herself in these illustrated pages an accomplished *cicerone*, thoroughly familiar with her subject, its documents, archives and literature, its people, *patois* and customs. We, who are also familiar with these things, find much to learn in her chatty, half-sentimental, semi-historical, all-mellowing pages, which genially reflect, in nervous and eloquent English, the more refined sides of New Orleans history.

She is by no means merely an historian of the ordinary, inflexible kind, who would as soon drop a pearl into the sea as relax one date or release one fact (so-called): her method, indeed, is full of relaxation and release, and for this very reason—giving just enough—it flows in and out of the old legends, about the *Cabildo* and the street corners, in and out of the iron-grilled and much-balconied houses, and round the canals and plantations, embroidering her narrative with piquant anecdotes and reminiscences of just the sort to make a richly romantic story. Her New Orleans is the one we know—a *grande dame* with quaint coiffure, aristocratic manners, melodious accent and agreeable conversational powers, mingled in the slightest-possible degree with that faint provincial aroma which is a part of herself and differentiates her from any and every other Latin city. Nobody, after reading the "Æneid," would confuse its hero with any other under the sun; nobody, after seeing New Orleans, or seeing it through Miss King's eyes, could ever forget its altogether original face and charm.

Two important omissions should be noted: the book has no index, and there is no discussion of the remarkable literary life, French and American, of the place.

"Social England"

Edited by H. D. Traill. Vols. II. and III. G. P. Putnam's Sons

IT IS NOW about a year and a half since we reviewed the first volume of this formidable undertaking. For the sake of those unacquainted with its plan, it is perhaps worth while to state that in this work various writers—specialists, as far as possible—describe the progress of the English people "in religion, laws, learning, arts, industry, commerce, science, literature and manners from the earliest times to the present day." Thus reads the title-page, and to this statement it may be added that a good deal of space and attention is devoted to political and constitutional history. The contributions of these writers (nearly twoscore) are placed in Mr. Traill's editorial crucible, and a consistent and well-proportioned whole, "Social England," is supposed to be the result of the chemico-editorial process. But, unfortunately, the heat supplied by Mr. Traill's mind is not sufficiently intense to fuse the various articles into one harmonious mass. What issues from the crucible is the same conglomeration of separate articles originally put in, but little affected by the action of the fire. The result is a work of no unity, in which one article contradicts the other; in which in one place a proper name is spelt in one way, in another in another way; in which one article encroaches upon the field of its neighbor, with all the ensuing uselessly wearisome repetition. However excellent some of the articles may be, however good be the average quality, the work as a whole is a great disappointment. But more of this anon.

The second volume covers the years from the accession of Edward I. to the death of Henry VII., from the beginning of parliamentary life to the rise of the absolute monarchy. The contributors to this volume are well-known scholars, such as Beazley, Hubert Hall, Hassall, Heath, Hewins, Hutton, Oman, Poole and Maitland. The last-mentioned is *facile princeps*—the only historian of first rank in the whole list. His articles on English law, written in an admirable style and with a full knowledge of the subject, stand unrivalled. Other valuable articles in this volume are Mr. Oman's on warfare, Dr. Poole's on Wycliffe and the Lollards, Dr. Heath's on literature, and Mr. Beazley's on the first English voyages of discovery—each writer dealing with his own special field. In fact, not one of the articles is out of place in a work purporting to give the best results of recent historical investigation. The average quality of the articles is far better than that of those in the first volume.

The third volume treats the period from Henry VII. to the Stuarts, the heyday of the absolute monarchy. Among the new contributors to this volume are Gasquet, Mullinger, Prothero, Joyce and Saintsbury. Unfortunately for us and for the volume, Mr. Maitland has retired from the list. Mr. A. L. Smith, the writer on political history in the former volume, and Mr. Hassall have divided the task of describing the political and constitutional history of England in the sixteenth century. Their work, at times very weak, and at all times containing nothing new, is on the whole creditable. Saintsbury on Elizabethan literature, and Gasquet on the dissolution of the monasteries, as was to be supposed, are good. The average quality of the articles in this, as in the second volume, is high; but on all the articles in the entire work up to now, with the exception of Maitland's, one general criticism suggests itself: the writers, being in all probability hampered by the plan of the work, are not at their best. They do not seem to have put any heart into their work, and one cannot get rid of the impression that the articles are somewhat perfunctory. Certainly, Gasquet and Saintsbury, in view of their previous work, should have produced better articles. But on the whole, we repeat, the average quality of the articles is good. Why, then, do we see no reason to change our original opinion of the work, given "in the appearance of the first volume, and still call the book a disappointment?" That this is so is due to causes partly inherent in the plan, partly in the editor.

That the book lacks organic unity, that it is merely a collection of articles on closely related subjects without this relation being brought out clearly and prominently, is inherent in the plan. There are too many contributors. Collaboration of a score or two of men can never result in unity. Though Mr. Traill could not have overcome this inherent difficulty, unless he had altered his plan *ab initio*, he could have overcome other serious defects. His faults as editor are more of omission than of commission. To his contributors he has allowed far too much freedom. The space occupied by the various articles is by no means in proportion to their importance. In general, also, he has subdivided the subjects too much, with the result that the book is jerky. We pass from one writer to another and then to another, when a single writer could have covered the whole subject better; thus Mr. Gasquet writes of the suppression of the monasteries, and Mr. Beazley of the disposal of the spoils gained in this suppression. Many of the defects of this work do not appear in the "Histoire Générale de l'Europe," solely because its editors—MM. Rambaud and Lavis—have much longer articles, and fewer contributors. Then, Mr. Traill should have cut out the repetitions and frequent contradictions. Though we agree with Frederic Harrison's views, expressed in his article on palæographic purism, that "the custom of rewriting our old familiar proper names * * * may become a nuisance and a scandal to literature," we would not feel indignant because Mr. Beazley spells Anne Boleyn "Bullen." But we do maintain that it is disagreeable to see in a consecutive book a name at one time spelt "Boleyn" and at another "Bullen." This is only a trifle, but it is typical of Mr. Traill's work as an editor.

The questions naturally arise, Of what use is such a work? Who will read it? Probably few laymen would arrive at the second cover. Even if they reached the end of their journey through the book, they would be bewildered by the mass of facts so loosely connected, and by the contradictions and repetitions. For the student the work promises to be of great, though unequal, value. He will use it mainly for reference, for it contains a mass of facts in a very convenient form. Then, in all probability, it will be of great assistance to the future historian of English society, who will weld many of the facts contained in these volumes, and some that have been omitted, into an organic whole.

Of the fourth volume, which has just been brought out, we shall speak in a future number.

"American Book-Prices Current"

Compiled from the Auctioneers' Catalogues. By Luther S. Livingston. Vol. I. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THIS "Record of Books, manuscripts and autographs sold at auction in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, from 1 Sept. 1894 to 1 Sept. 1895, with the prices realized," is an attempt to establish in this country a yearly record of book-sales upon the same general lines as the English compilation, which is now in its ninth year. The issuing of future volumes depends, of course, entirely upon the reception given to this one by collectors, librarians, dealers and auctioneers. In compiling his record, Mr. Livingston has used the descriptions of the books sold given in the auctioneers' catalogues, making an attempt at uniformity—a difficult matter, indeed, when we consider that "the nomenclature and standard of book-sizes" are still unsettled questions in this country. Almost every lot selling for \$5 and upward appears in the record, as well as hundreds of items selling for \$3 and over, more particularly first editions of American authors, and "that large class of comparatively low-priced Americana for which the Brinley catalogue has been the only accessible record of value. Low-priced books in other classes have been included wherever it seemed desirable to do so, without making the compilation too extensive." If possible, Mr. Livingston will add in future volumes the names of purchasers (which in the case of valuable books is certainly most desirable), but he seems to consider this a task that will in many cases prove beyond his powers, because "in the American auction-room most of the purchases are made under an assumed name, and the buyers in most cases do not wish their identity revealed."

The year just closed was propitious to Mr. Livingston's undertaking. The Foote library, the Livermore collection and the Lenox Library duplicates all contained volumes that were unique, or nearly so. First in importance, and second in price, stands Poe's "Tamerlane," which sold for \$1450—\$400 less than was paid for it in 1892, notwithstanding the handsome binding it had received since the earlier sale. Another rare book sold during the year, by the way, was Herbert's "The Temple," which brought \$1050. Among rare Americana we may also mention Hawthorne's "Fanshawe" (\$155), and Whittier's "Moll Pitcher" (\$77.50). The book is thoroughly well indexed, and is, on the whole, a most satisfactory firstling. We wish Mr. Livingston all the success he so fully deserves, and hope to have occasion to review his second volume about a twelvemonth from now.

Greek and Roman Literature

AS A MASTER of English style, Mr. Walter Pater ranked among the first of the generation now passing away; and those familiar with his writings do not need to be reminded that in the interpretation of the ancient thought and life he manifested a degree of sympathetic insight to which few ever attain. His essays, contributed to various magazines, have more than an ephemeral value; and Mr. C. L. Shadwell has done well to prepare for the press a volume of them under the title of "Greek Studies." The seven papers fall into two groups. The first four are concerned with the higher meaning—the spiritual aspect—of certain Greek beliefs; two belong to a study of Dionysus as "the spiritual form of fire and dew," with an analysis of the Bacchanals of Euripides and an explanation of its *motif*; a third sets forth what the author believes to have been the underlying conceptions of the worship of Demeter and Persephone; while the fourth is a charming sketch of the career of Hippolytus, based upon Euripides. The three remaining "Studies" are archaeological in subject-matter, yet treated from the same point of view as the first. The longest deals with the beginnings of Greek sculpture, the other two with the *Ægina* marbles and "The Age of Athletic Prize-Men." A careful reading of the volume as a whole confirms the editor's statement in the preface, that the two groups of papers illustrate each other, serving "to enforce Mr. Pater's conception of the essential unity, in all its many-sidedness, of the Greek character." No brief notice can convey any idea of the wealth of suggestiveness in these pages. Even where one cannot accept Mr. Pater's conclusions, the freshness and subtlety of his thought give new points of view and stimulate deeper reflection on the fascinating problems to the solution of which he has here contributed. His views on the relation of sculpture to the other arts and to the life of Greece have received confirmation from several sources in the fifteen years since they were first made public. (Macmillan & Co.)

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IN "ARISTOTLE'S Theory of Poetry and Fine Art, with a Critical Text and a Translation of the Poetics," Prof. Butcher has not only offered to readers of Aristotle the best means for the study of the difficult treatise on the Art of Poetry available in English, but has also laid the student of literary criticism under lasting obligations. As a textual critic, Prof. Butcher would be called conservative by those—and they are not few—who think that the main function of grammatical criticism is to improve upon the language of the work with which they are dealing, with little regard to the testimony of the manuscripts. His view of the relative value of the manuscripts of the Poetics certainly commends itself, and his choice of readings is generally felicitous; his own emendations, which are comparatively few, are put forward with a modesty which is gratifying when contrasted with the cocksureness of many editors. Of the translation, which is printed so as to face the text page by page, it would be difficult to speak in terms of too high praise. While true to the meaning of the Greek, it reads for the most part as if the work had been originally written in English. The latter portion of the volume is a working-over of the chapters on "Aristotle's Conception of Fine Art and Poetry" in "Some Aspects of the Greek Genius," published four years ago. (See *The Critic*, 23 Jan. 1892, p. 50.) The matter of the former treatment has been considerably extended; in the present work the subject takes up 273 pages. The range of topics includes Art and Nature, Imitation as an æsthetic term, Poetic Truth, and Art and Morality, together with an exposition of the function and elements of tragedy and comedy. One of the best chapters is the last, on "Poetic Universality in Greek Literature." (Macmillan & Co.)

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"THE GREEK EPIC," by Prof. George C. W. Warr, is a duodecimo of 288 pages, published under the auspices of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in a series of small volumes bearing as a common title "The Dawn of European Literature." It is not written for those familiar with the Greek, but addressed to that large class of readers which, lacking a knowledge of the original, wishes to make itself familiar with the poems of Homer and Hesiod. The first two chapters are introductory, giving an account of prehistoric Greece and of the Homeric poetry; then follow outlines of the Iliad and Odyssey, of the Works and Days and Theogony of Hesiod, with frequent passages of metrical translation in the text and abundant footnotes to explain allusions. It would not be quite just to say that the only merit of the book is its brevity; yet for those who are not too much pressed for time, the translations of the Homeric poems by Mr. Andrew Lang and his collaborators, with Mr. Walter Leaf's "Companion to the Iliad" (see *The Critic*, 29 Oct. 1892, p. 232), will be found much more satisfactory. (E. & J. B. Young & Co.)—MR. ARTHUR S. WAY, who is already known as a translator of Homer, has undertaken a translation of "The Tragedies of Euripides" into English verse. The work, when complete, will comprise three volumes; the first, now published, contains the "Alcestis," "Medea," "Hippolytus," "Hecuba," "Ion" and "Suppliants." Mr. Way's opinions regarding the office and the restraints of the translator, as expressed in the preface, are sensible enough. In naming the recent metrical versions of Euripidean plays, he has overlooked that of the "Alcestis," "Medea" and "Hippolytus" by Prof. Lawton (Boston: 1889). He has put the dialogue parts into English heroic measure; but in the choruses has wisely availed himself of a variety of metres, which in most cases are well suited to the sense and give some suggestion of the movement of the original. If the two volumes yet to come sustain the level of the first, they will be welcome. (Macmillan & Co.)

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PROF. R. Y. TYRELL of Dublin publishes in "Latin Poetry" the eight lectures which he delivered in 1893 at the Johns Hopkins University, as incumbent of the Percy Turnbull Lectureship of Poetry. The first lecture surveys the field and characterizes the different periods of poetic production in Rome; the second deals with the early Latin poetry, giving especial attention to Plautus and Terence. Prof. Tyrrell is at his best in the two lectures on "Lucretius and Epicureanism" (which appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* for July 1894), and "Catullus and the Transition to the Augustan Age"; but Virgil is discussed at equal, and Horace at greater, length. The last two lectures present a review of Roman satire and of the Latin poetry of the Decline. An appendix passes judgment upon the most important translations of Virgil that have appeared since Prof. Conington's article on the translators of this poet in *The Quarterly Review*, thirty-five years ago. Considerable additions have been made to the lectures as given; yet the spirit is the same. Prof. Tyrrell did not feel himself called upon to present to his audience a formal history of Latin poetry, nor yet an attempt at systematic literary criticism. He simply told what he thought of the Roman poets in a frank and pleasing way. As he holds opinions on several authors quite at variance with current views, and is withal a scholar of enthusiastic temperament, what he says is well worth reading, even when it is impossible to agree with him. Naturally enough, in view of the work that he has put upon the correspondence of Cicero, he holds an exalted view of the orator's poetic efforts. But the author whom he seems least able to appreciate is Horace. Though he says pleasant things about the poet, he is here plainly under the influence of recent German studies of the microscopic order, which have torn the warp and woof of Horace's minstrelsy to shreds. He has, after all, failed to show wherein his indictment of Horace as a borrower would not have applied, so far as the existing evidence is conclusive, also to Virgil. The book is not altogether free from needless repetition, and there are other marks of hasty preparation; but the author's translations, mostly in verse, are happy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

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FEW MEN having the scholarship requisite for the task would undertake to present the history of "Latin Literature" in less than 300 small octavo pages; yet Mr. J. W. Mackail has had the courage to make the attempt, and, what is more surprising, he has been successful. He has produced a really interesting and useful volume. By reason of the limitations of space, the book is a sketch in broad outline, rather than a detailed narrative, but the writer's views are uniformly sane, and he has manifested so

strong a sense of proportion, that the reader will carry from these pages a more just idea of authors and of movements than from most books of the kind. It would be easy to point out instances of over-statement, and errors arising from partial statement or lapse of memory; but on the whole the book may be recommended as giving fresh and stimulating views on a large and difficult subject. It would have been better, for many readers, to add translations of all the passages quoted from Latin writers; and a select bibliography at the end would have been serviceable. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—PROF. COMARETTI's well-known "Virgilio nel Medio Evo" is at last made available for English readers in a translation, by Mr. E. F. M. Benecke, under the title of "Vergil in the Middle Ages." (A German translation, by Duetschke, appeared in 1875, only three years after the publication of the original). This version is from the proof-sheets of the second Italian edition, and contains the author's latest corrections and additions. The two parts, "The Vergil of Literary Tradition" and "The Vergil of Popular Legend," are united in one volume, which unfortunately lacks an index. The translator has wisely retained the numerous footnotes, which are a mine of erudition. Comparetti's views regarding the origin of Virgilian myths in Neapolitan folk-lore should be studied in connection with Mr. Tunison's criticism of them in "Master Virgil" (see *The Critic*, 6th April 1889, page 164). The translation is not of high merit, and one is surprised to find the spelling *Vergil* uniformly adopted, instead of *Virgil*. (Macmillan & Co.)

Fiction

PROBABLY the last volume to bear the name of Constance Fenimore Cooper on its title-page is "Dorothy, and Other Italian Stories"—a bundle of five tales, of which four were published in *Harper's Magazine*, and one—"A Florentine Experiment"—in *The Atlantic Monthly*. The four from *Harper's* include Miss Woolson's last story, "A Transplanted Boy," published shortly after her death. She stood alone in her own peculiar field—that of the Americans and English living in Italy—and reproduced it with a wealth of detail and a sureness of touch that showed how thoroughly she had become a part of the life of these exiles, who, notwithstanding the beauties and pleasures and art treasures and comforts and economies of Italy, feel never perfectly at home, but continue from year to year in a half-settled condition—birds of passage that have lost the energy to take wing. Miss Woolson maintained in all her tales a uniform degree of excellence, succeeding in each new one in reawakening our interest in the *pensions* and villas, and in the small-talk of her characters, who always managed to help on the plot or the problem, and to draw our attention to the hero and the heroine among them. He who is about to join the foreign colony in Italy would do well to read Miss Woolson's stories; for through most of them there is a breath of homesickness, of a desire for the crudities even of our younger life, not strong enough, to be true, to send the exile home, but surely of sufficient strength to make his life one of minor regrets. (Harper & Bros.)

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"THE CUP of Trembling, and Other Stories," by Mary Hallock Foote, contains some of the best work this author has done thus far. The stories are four in number, two, at least, having already appeared in the magazines; we do not remember having seen the other two before. The story that gives the volume its name and opens its pages, is undoubtedly the strongest. There is a certain virile quality in it, a largeness of conception and treatment that stamps it on the memory. "Maverick," the second story, is the least impressive, notwithstanding its tragedy; "On a Side-Track" is cleverly conceived; and "The Trumpeter," a story of a military post in the West, is deftly woven around the march of Coxey's miserable "industrial army," now already a forgotten episode, notwithstanding the serious warnings of philosophical students of history and current social symptoms. Mrs. Foote has found a field that is all her own (lucky woman!) and she has formed a method that is likewise all her own, and which, moreover, suits her field to perfection. Her characters always have something about them to interest her readers, although she mostly presents them to us from the outside, letting us reach the processes of their minds through their speech and actions, rather than by analyzing the processes themselves and then proceeding to the resultant acts. The effects thus obtained are often very striking. Taken altogether, the book is well worth reading, both for its own sake, and as a link in the chain of progress of an author

who has succeeded in establishing herself firmly, if modestly, in American letters, and from whom we may expect still much good work.

* * *

VERLAINE is dead, and the Sar Péladan has entered the state of holy matrimony: Decadentism is without a head and the modern Rosicrucians are puzzled as to the future. But the spirit of mysticism abides, and symbolism flourishes like a green bay-tree. A curious instance of the influence of French letters, from Marguerite de Navarre to Huysmans, is found in Mr. Henri Pène du Bois's "Princesses in Love"—a volume full of the color of words and the association of ideas in apparently unconnected *contes*. Some of these are charming in their simplicity—"Columbine," for instance, is a bit of pastoral poetry in prose; others can only be understood by a process of unconscious cerebration; and still others should be kept carefully from the Philistine: they may disturb his bucolic tranquillity of thought, while teaching him nothing ornamental in his useful walk of life. The Gallic turn of mind seems to be inborn in Mr. du Bois: he certainly gives work here that is all his own—imitating no one, yet linked by the spirit to many a name that endures in the annals of French literature, or is discussed on the *boulevards* to-day. Throughout the book there is a sensuous, Southern love of warm colors, which reaches its highest point in the closing paragraphs of the tale called "Helen of Sparta." This is a strange volume, as its author has departed utterly from the beaten track of American and English letters. Whether he will be successful is a question that only the future can answer. The book is handsomely illustrated and bound. (Brentano's.)

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THE STUDY of the child—especially of its psychical and intellectual development—has made rapid strides in the last few years, culminating in Prof. James Sully's admirable "Studies of Childhood," just announced by the Messrs. Appleton. A contribution to the subject that is sympathetic rather than scientific is "The Invisible Playmate," by William Canton. This story deals principally with the "make-believe" play of children, but attaches to it a supernatural meaning—the actual presence in the mind and eyes of the child under observation of a little sister who had "gone before." The book is of interest as a suggestion rather than as a performance; it contains, also, some rhymes for children, a rather clever sketch, in the form of a review of an imaginary German poem on the first day at school; and a short tale, which, again, is suggestive, but not very well handled. (J. Selwin Tait & Sons.)—To an observer with a sense of humor, Central and South America offer delightful fields in which to look around, a great part of the fun being provided by young Europeans, mostly of good origin, who have been sent there by despairing families after numerous unsuccessful experiments in redemption at home. In "Some Unconventional People," Mrs. J. Gladwin Webb has gathered a number of sketches of Mexican servants and swindlers, of border ruffians and English rancheros, of the doings of foreigners in a Central American town, and of the Attorney-General of the Haytian Republic. They are all amusing and bear abundant evidence of the author's thorough knowledge of the customs and morals of the regions that form the background of her sketches. (Roberts Bros.)

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IN THE new edition of Smollett's novels, edited by Mr. George Saintsbury, volumes eight and nine are given to the "Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom," of which Mr. Saintsbury writes that it has suffered in popular estimation, not because its scenes of robbery and intrigue were largely borrowed from the French and Spanish, but because the *frisson nouveau* which Smollett introduced was later exaggerated and done to death by such wholesale terror-mongers as Mrs. Anne Radcliffe and "Monk" Lewis. The modern reader is likely to prefer Smollett's moderation, and will be pleased, he thinks, with his auto-critical "Dedication to Doctor—" and with the hero's "Amazon-Devil" of a mother, though he does not hope for a renewed popularity for the hero himself. He points to the unflattering portrait of the English squire in "Sir Stentor Stile" as one that should not be overlooked by the future historian. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)—We have received of the new "pocket edition" of Charles Kingsley's works "Two Years Ago" and "Westward Ho!" each in two volumes. The edition is printed in small but clear type on white paper, and bound in dark-blue cloth. (Macmillan & Co.)

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"THE SOWERS," by Henry Seton Merriman, deals with Russian life, from the perfumed warmth of boudoirs and salons in St. Petersburg to the snowy vistas of the lonely steppe and the squalid huts of the starving peasantry. But Mr. Merriman is clever enough to present a different picture from that of the ordinary Nihilistic novel. Prince Paul Howard Alexis, his hero, is the son of a Russian mother and an English father. Educated in England, he brings back to Russia and to his vast ancestral domain a belief in the rights of common humanity and a love of philanthropic work. Anxious to benefit the peasantry on his place, he disguises himself as a doctor from Moscow, and goes unsuspected into their foul huts to minister to the sick. He had at one time assisted in organizing a Charity League in St. Petersburg. This Society is mysteriously betrayed, its records and papers sold to the authorities, and those of its prominent workers who can be found sent to Siberia. Alexis and his German steward, Stinemetz, are not found out. A beautiful English widow becomes Prince Alexis's wife, wedding him for his ancient title and his large fortune. Deceitful as she is fair, this siren proves to be the person who sold the Charity League papers, her former husband having been drawn into a conspiracy. The union with her threatens serious disaster to the Prince, but in the end she reaps what she has sown. Her benevolent husband likewise reaps his reward, for when the peasants rise in rebellion, the rough, stained suit of the Moscow doctor is recognized by the mob, and they press forward, not to slay him, as they had intended, but to kiss the hem of his garment. He is subsequently exiled as too quixotic a being for an hereditary aristocrat, but in England a happier destiny awaits him. The book is strong, epigrammatic and logical. (Harper & Bros.)

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"MARIPOSILLA," by Mrs. Charles Stewart Daggett, is the story of a Spanish Californian girl who falls in love with a young American. The latter is the petted, spoilt child of a selfish, worldly, conscienceless woman. A marriage is arranged by her for her son, and Mariposilla is left to pine away. (Rand, McNally & Co.)—RELIGIOUS NOVELS have no proscriptive right to be dull and commonplace. We sometimes suspect that the authors of pious tales take for granted the indulgence of a pious public. The subject of the history of Jerusalem from a period shortly antecedent to the time of Christ up to the destruction of that city by the Romans has been a favorite theme for the religious-story writers. It would be difficult to imagine any new method of treating that period. "The Doom of the Holy City: Christ and Cesar," by Lydia Hoyt Farmer, is a story of the sort to which we have adverted, and it is not as bad as the worst of its class that we have seen. The English is decent and the plot is fairly managed in conformity to what we have learned of the historical events of the period. The scene of the story is laid, of course, in Jerusalem, but now and then we are taken to Rome, and there our author's knowledge of Roman antiquities is used to ornament her pages. We advise this book for a Sunday-school or parish library. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

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"OLD MR. TREDGOLD," by Mrs. Oliphant, will probably be well received by that author's numerous admirers. It is a very long story, in no way inferior to most of its predecessors from the same pen, and its characters are delightfully simple to understand. Perplexing psychological puzzles are not in Mrs. Oliphant's line—still less in that of her readers. So here we have the story of an English parvenu and of his two daughters, entirely different in temperament as in physical attributes, and of the elopement of the selfish one and the unselfishness of the other, who stayed at home. Add to this the minor characters required to people the background of the main story, and you have a tale that will help to pass the time most agreeably—provided you have the time to pass, for the story is very long. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—OF ZOLA'S "A Love Episode," translated by Ernest A. Vizetelly, and illustrated by E. Thévenot, we can only say that it is one of the best of the French author's works. It enters more into the psychological *genre* of the French school, and will remain one of its tenderest, simplest expressions. Mr. Vizetelly's translation is, of course, excellently done, and the book is handsomely printed and bound. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)—"GOOD-FUR-NUTHIN': The Tale of a Christmas Promise," by William R. A. Tredgold, is a trifling sketch of the Civil War. The theme is far from trifling, indeed, but the author's treatment of it robs the tragedy of all pathos and power. (Buffalo: The Peter Paul Book Co.)

The February Magazines

(Concluded from last week)

"The North American Review"

PROF. CHARLES A. YOUNG gives in this number an interesting account of the Yerkes telescope, which became world-famous long before it was completed. The mass of the whole machine, he tells us, including its cast-iron pedestal, is seventy-five tons, of which the movable portions—the axis, circles, counterpoises, tube, etc.—weigh thirty. The great tube itself alone weighs six tons; it is sixty-one feet long, and fifty-two inches in diameter at the middle, tapering slightly to each end. It is made of sheet steel, the thickness of which was carefully determined in advance by computation, to give the requisite strength with the minimum weight, and varies gradually from about a quarter of an inch at the middle to an eighth of an inch at the extremities. The whole is so beautifully poised on its anti-friction bearings that a pressure of less than twenty pounds moves it freely. The driving clock is so delicate, and at the same time so powerful, that the enormous tube, once pointed at a star, will follow it exactly for hours, keeping it precisely upon the cross wires all the time, undisturbed by any ordinary effects of varying friction, or gusts of wind, or inadvertent pushes of the observer. "The magnifying power of the telescope can be made by mere change of eyepieces to range anywhere from about two hundred to four thousand. This highest power will bring the moon, optically, to within just about sixty miles from the observer's eye; but he will see her surface much more clearly than one can see the details of a terrestrial landscape at that distance from the top of a mountain, because in the latter case the surface is viewed very obliquely, and through the densest and haziest portion of our atmosphere. Any lunar object five or six hundred feet square would be distinctly visible—a building, for instance, as large as the Capitol at Washington. A line much narrower than this, especially if it differed much in color or brightness from the background, would at once attract attention, and so would any brilliant object, even if no larger or brighter than an ordinary arc light."—Mr. Gladstone continues his study of "The Future Life and the Condition of Man Therein"; and Mr. C. M. Skinner advocates the holding of a great international exhibition in this city in 1900, regardless of the fact that Paris has already taken the preliminary steps for an exhibition of its own.

"New England Magazine"

THE CURRENT number of this magazine contains an account of "Ibsen at Home," by Edgar O. Achorn. From this paper we learn that Ibsen is descended from a Danish family in which there is a trace of Scotch blood. Repeated statements to the contrary notwithstanding, the assertion that he has German blood in his veins is here repeated most emphatically:—"His mother belonged to an old German family in Skien. * * * It is easy to see, then, if we are to lay stress, as he does, on heredity, that Ibsen took his satire and wit from his father, his idealism and his dark views from his mother." Ibsen started life as a clerk in a chemist's shop, then studied at Christiania. Even at that early age, he made sufficient of a name by his dramatic writings to secure a position at the Bergen theatre, and later as dramatic manager of the Christiania theatre. The rest of his life history is well known. The simplicity of his manners is attested by the following incident of Mr. Achorn's first interview with him:—"He spoke very slowly and with a reserve that was little less than coldness. He drew a long black comb from his inside pocket, and proceeded to set his hair more on end, if possible, than it already was." But in the course of conversation his reserve gave way to a "spirit of genuine *bonhomie*." He admires Mr. Howells, whom he has read in German translations, and would like to visit this country, were it not that his ignorance of English keeps him at home. Mr. Achorn led him to speak casually of his works, the report of what he said not being the least interesting part of the paper, which is illustrated with a portrait, views of Ibsen's home, etc.

THE EXCITING events of the last four weeks make the February *Review of Reviews* uncommonly interesting. Venezuela and the Transvaal, the bond issue and the boundary commission are discussed, portrayed and illustrated, with reproductions of many cartoons. Most notable among the leaders is that on "The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain," who, we think, can hardly feel pleased by this tribute to his rising star. There is, also, a sketch of the new Poet Laureate.

The Critic

Johanna Ambrosius

THE PORTRAIT printed below is that of Johanna Ambrosius, the German peasant poet, a review of whose work, with a sketch



of her life, will be found on the first page of this issue. Fame has come late to this truly wonderful woman, and we should judge from the quality of her verse, that she cares little for its sweetness. We wonder whether we are alone in seeing in this portrait a strong likeness to one of our best known women of letters?

The Fine Arts

Prize Paintings at the Pennsylvania Academy

THE PRIZES offered by Mr. William L. Elkins, through the Academy of Fine Arts of Philadelphia, for the best pictures by American



ABBOTT H. THAYER'S "CARITAS"

artists shown at its present exhibition, have been awarded. The first prize (\$3000) has been given to Abbott H. Thayer of Scarborough, N. Y., for his picture entitled "Caritas"; the second

prize (\$2000) to Edmund C. Tarbell, instructor of painting in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, for his "Girl with White Azaleas." Mr. Thayer was born in Boston, but studied in New York, and under Gérôme in Paris. His early successes were with animal studies, but in recent years he has devoted himself to



EDMUND C. TARBELL'S "GIRL WITH WHITE AZALEAS"

figure pieces. Mr. Tarbell was born at West Groton, Mass., in 1862, and has studied under Boulanger and Lefèvre in Paris. Like Mr. Thayer, he has been the recipient of many honors, some of them from the Academy of Fine Arts. The jury was composed of Henry G. Marquand, President of the Metropolitan Museum, Chairman; John G. Johnson, Dr. A. C. Lambdin of the *Times*, and four artists, Robert Blum and Edward Simmons, New York; Frank W. Benson, Boston; Robert W. Vonnoh, Philadelphia.

The Water-Color Society's Exhibition

THE GALLERIES of the National Academy of Design have seldom presented so attractive an appearance as they do just now, what with an uncommonly good selection of water-colors, and tasteful and appropriate decorations. The display of Tiffany lusted glass, antique rugs, ancient metal-work and modern faience is such as might make amends for a poor show of paintings. But the exhibition would be worth visiting, even if the Committee on Decorations had attempted nothing beyond the customary Japanese chintz hangings and portières. The most notable paintings are the landscapes, and Mr. Theodore Robinson's "Winter Day, Vermont," is the most notable of these. The subject, an ugly, conical hill, from which the snow is melting, and a stretch of muddy road, would be called by almost everybody uninteresting, if not positively disagreeable; but the artist has succeeded in representing truly that beauty of atmospheric values which is the one artistic gain of our times. We may have failed in other things, but atmospheric effect was never so well painted before, and Mr. Robinson, in producing a masterpiece in this line, has earned a reputation which should endure.

Less masterly, but marked by genuine poetic feeling, is Mr. W. L. Lathrop's "Twilight in Connecticut," a bit of up-and-down-

hill country with one of those delightfully crooked roads, made by careless farmers for the benefit of pedestrians and landscape-painters, which, it is to be hoped, no combination of bicyclists and politicians may ever succeed in abolishing. In the hollow, at the foot of the hill, is an old grey barn, looking as though it had slid down there from some higher situation. It is highly creditable to the jury that this modest little painting, which nine persons in ten would pass by without noticing, has been placed on the line in the main gallery and received the Evans Prize, the only one in the gift of the Society. A very pleasing composition in color—brown fields, blue sky, women in dusty jackets and gowns of grey and pink—is Mr. Horatio Walker's "Potato-Pickers." Mr. R. R. Latimer's "The Beach at Amalfi" is a spirited little sketch, diversified with terraced buildings and gardens, and boats and figures effectively distributed over a brown beach that encircles a blue bay. Mr. Childe Hassam's "An Island Garden" is, if we do not mistake, one of the studies made by him at the home of the late Celia Thaxter at Appledore. The rank growth of tulips, roses and carnations is very well indicated, but the effect is spotty and the color suggests the neighborhood of a smoky factory town, instead of clear air and brilliant sunshine.

Miss Emma E. Lampert's woman at a spinning-wheel, "The Life Work," is a highly respectable essay in the manner of the modern Dutch school, which is also exemplified in Miss Clara McChesney's "Preparing for Dinner" and several other pictures, interiors with figures, and landscapes. The most attractive is a portrait of a little Dutch girl in "Her Sunday Dress," figured with huge bunches of red roses, by Annie Barrows Shepley. Mr. Lungren's "Strange Trail" is the most effective thing in the way of illustration in the exhibition, the dead horse and despairing man giving a vivid notion of the dangers of that great American desert which defies irrigation schemes, and seems destined to keep its place on the map. We must mention Mr. W. Forsyth's old Negro "Picking Apples," Mr. Thomas Moran's Turner-esque "Venice from San Giorgio," Mr. Samuel Colman's "Shower Passing over the Flanks of Orizaba," and Otto Stark's "The Telegram." Many of the flower pieces in the corridor are excellent



in their *genre*, particularly Frieda F. Redmond's "Roses and Fruit," Maude Stumm's "Violettes de Parme" and "Carnations," and Laura Wiltsie Lake's "Jacqueminot Roses."

Art Notes

THE Century Co. offers three prizes, of \$125, \$75 and \$50 for the three best designs for a poster advertising the Midsummer Number of *The Century Magazine*. The offer is open to everyone, whether professional artist or amateur. Designs must be submitted, anonymously, on or before April 30. The judges will be three well-known artists whose names will be announced later.

—The body of the late Lord Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, was conveyed from the Royal Academy to St. Paul's Cathedral on Feb. 3. The procession was headed by a detachment of the Artists' Corps of Volunteers, of which regiment Lord Leighton was Honorary Colonel. The pall-bearers were the Duke of Abercorn, Sir Joseph Lister, Sir John E. Millais, Edward Maunde Thompson, Prof. Alexander Mackenzie, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and Gen. Arthur Ellis, who represented the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Marquis of Salisbury, who was to have been one of the pall-bearers, was unable to be present. The German and Belgian Ambassadors followed the hearse, and then came the officials of the Royal Academy and the Academicians. The Earl of Carrington, representing the Queen, met the coffin at the entrance to the Cathedral. The building was filled with ambassadors, ministers, members of the diplomatic corps, the corporations of London, and leading scientific, literary and artistic men. The Duke of Devonshire, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the Marquis of Granby, Lord Knutsford, the Marquis of Ripon, the Earl of Wemyss and March, and the Earl and Countess of Lytton were also present. The wreath sent by Queen Victoria was of laurel entwined with immortelles and tied with a broad ribbon. Attached to it was a card, in her own handwriting, inscribed: "A Mark of Respect, Victoria, R. I." The Archbishop of York and Dean Gregory officiated at the funeral services. The principal musical features were Chopin's "Funeral March," the "Dead March" in "Saul," and Schubert's "Marche Solennelle." At the conclusion of the ceremonies the body was lowered into the crypt by the central opening directly beneath the dome.

—The sale of the marine paintings of the late M. F. H. de Haas was begun at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries on Feb. 3, when nearly 100 canvases were sold, the total of the evening's sale being \$9035; on Feb. 4 the sales amounted to \$12,490, and on Feb. 5 to \$6645. Total, \$28,170. Some of the 256 canvases were unsigned, owing to the artist's sudden death.

—A collection of works by George Wharton Edwards is on exhibition at Keppel's. It includes his illustrations of Spenser's "Epithalamion" and some water-colors.

The February *Magazine of Art* contains a readable article on leather-work, by Mr. Lewis F. Day; an account of the eccentric French artist, Adolphe Willette, by Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch; and a useful note on "Mildew in Drawing-Paper," by W. J. Russell, Ph. D. The frontispiece of the number is a pretty photogravure, by the Berlin Photographic Co., of the picture by E. von Blaas, of a gentleman in the dress of the last century choosing a watermelon at a stall kept by a buxom Italian girl. Other full-page illustrations are "Golden Light," an evening landscape, by Ernest Parton, engraved by J. M. Johnstone, and "The Opening of Waterloo Bridge by George IV.," engraved by Mme. Jacob-Bazin after the painting by Constable.

—At a recent meeting of the Fine Arts Federation of New York, it was resolved to take steps for the erection of a suitable mark over the grave of Gilbert Stuart, the distinguished American painter of the Revolutionary period. "The Life and Works of Gilbert Stuart," published in 1879, contains the following reference to his grave:—"The remains of Gilbert Stuart were deposited in the cemetery on Boston Common. A gentleman who was present told Miss Stuart that he had made a note of the number of the vault, but, unfortunately, he put it away and could not find it. Could the spot have been identified, a gentleman distinguished for his liberality and kindness of heart would have had the remains removed to Rhode Island and placed in the family burial plot." The Federation requests the co-operation of all who can throw light on the subject. Stuart was born 3 Dec. 1755 and died 27 July 1828. Apropos of the Federation's resolution to erect a suitable monument over the grave of Gilbert Stuart, Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith of the Committee on Painting declares that there already exists a Stuart Fund Association. Its Secretary, Mr. Frank T. Robinson of Boston, has made public the statement that in the near future a national movement will be inaugurated for the purpose of securing a fitting memorial to Gilbert Stuart, probably

to be erected in Washington. Mr. Robinson also states that Stuart's grave is marked by the number 61, on the upper surface of the iron fence curbstone separating the old Central Burying Ground from the Boylston Street walk in Boston Common. While expressing the Federation's willingness to take part in this larger movement, Mr. Beckwith declares that the plan of the Federation will be carried out by the placing of a bust and pedestal or a bronze tablet over the grave. Contributions for this purpose may be sent to Mr. Beckwith at 58 West 57th Street, this city.

The Lounger

PROF. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, who is often and truly described as "a gentleman of the old school," contributes to the February *Forum* a paper on "Some Aspects of Civilization in America" that is not very pleasant reading because it is so true. The deficiency of courtesy and refinement in America, he finds, is not confined to the lower classes. It is, he says, "conspicuous among those favored by fortune," and he cites as a flagrant example of our boorishness the conduct of the well-to-do crowds at the New York Horse Show towards the young Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. Prof. Norton strikes at the root of the evil when he touches upon the neglect—common to all classes of society—of the proper domestic training of children. "The spirit of unchecked independence and of selfish wilfulness permitted in childhood," he says, "develops into youthful lawlessness and resistance to restraint." It is as often through mistaken kindness as through downright carelessness that children are allowed to grow up without training.

* * *

I MET A conspicuous case quite recently. In a large family of girls a son was born, and his advent was hailed with much joy. As he grew (hardly in grace), he was made much of by his parents and sisters. Everything he wanted he must have; he felt his power and took advantage of it to make himself generally disagreeable. He was never punished for any of his naughtinesses, and the consequence was that he grew to be the most ill-mannered little cub that was ever born into a decent family. He thought nothing of telling his parents to "shut up" and of saying "I won't" when told to do anything that he did not want to do. Now, if this child grows up to be a selfish, boorish young man, who, except perhaps his parents, will be surprised? "The hoodlum of the street corner," says Prof. Norton, "and the rough loafer of the village find their mates among the students of our colleges." And the reason is not hard to find. Home training cannot be held accountable for everything, but it is responsible for more than enough to make parents much more careful than most of them are. There are a great many people calling themselves "good Americans," who will resent many, if not most, of the strictures found in Prof. Norton's paper, but there are a few who will appreciate their truth, and thank him for speaking so plainly and to the point.

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IT IS good news that Mme. Modjeska is rapidly recovering from her severe illness, and that she expects to be acting again in the course of a few weeks. She is too great an actress to be spared from the stage even for so short a period.

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PROF. BRANDER MATTHEWS has been criticized in various quarters for a certain paragraph in "His Father's Son," which reads as follows:—

"The father and son took their hats and were about to leave the office, when Ezra Pierce paused.

"'Mr. Arrowsmith,' he said, 'what's the balance at the bank today?'

"The old bookkeeper opened the check-book again, and answered, 'Not quite two millions.'"

All sorts of jokes have been poked at Prof. Matthews for this statement. I know little of the ways of Wall Street, yet in reading the book I was struck by the enormous size of this balance; but then, any balance at the bank is apt to fill a journalist with awe. Even the English papers took up "the blunder that provokes to laughter." "Need I say," says one critic, "that no firm ever keeps such a sum in a single bank?" I write on the authority of men well-known in the financial world, when I say that a banker would speak of his "balance," no matter how many banks it might be kept in; and, furthermore, my informant tells me that, while \$2,000,000 is a large balance, it is not an unusual

one. He named one well-known financier here in New York who frequently has a balance of \$3,000,000 to his credit. So, after all, Prof. Matthews has not made so laughable a blunder as some would have us think. The only statement in his story that now remains to be cleared up is that about "his father's son" getting intoxicated on a pint of champagne.

* * *

COUNT TOLSTOI, like a great many men of means who hold socialistic views, lives in good style and not without luxury. I have long since ceased to think anything of this inconsistency: it is so common. If you ask these amateur socialists why they do not sell all they have and give to the poor, they will tell you that the times are not ripe for any such practical demonstration of their opinions. They are probably right, but it seems to me that the times are no riper for talk than they are for action. But it was not of Count Tolstoi's socialism that I wished to speak, but rather of what he is reported to have said in a recent interview on the subject of decadence. "Decadentism," he said, "is much stronger and far more dangerous than we are inclined to think." There are two classes of decadents—those who put their theories into practice openly and those who practice them in secret. The latter Count Tolstoi considers the more dangerous. He calls them the "Cryptic decadents," and they, he says, are the ones to be afraid of, for the simple reason, he might add, that the secret foe is the more deadly.

* * *

THE OPPORTUNITY to interview Tolstoi on other subjects was too great to be resisted, and the interviewer did not make the effort. He asked him boldly as to his opinion of the literature of the day, and his answer was decidedly pessimistic:—

"Looking about among the present writers," he said, "I must confess that I almost never find an original thought, or even a new expression of personality; and this alone, no matter how small it may be, can guarantee the method of life in works of art. This thought was long ago expressed by Alfred de Musset when he wrote, 'Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre.' Perhaps it is because of my years, for the past always seems bright to old men, but not only do I love the old books, but the old people even. In short, the spirit of the days that are gone seems to me to have been better, cleaner and more moral than that of the present generation."

* * *

SPEAKING OF HIS own work, Tolstoi insisted that he had no technique:—

"Without dwelling on the fact that I polish every line I write with the greatest care, it is remarkably difficult for me even to write a simple letter, which, as sometimes happens, I am obliged to write and rewrite five or six times. I write only when I am in the mood, when I forget all about processes, and can give myself up to my thoughts. I am particularly impressed by these things just now when I am engrossed with the revision and elaboration of my new book. At times I work a great deal, at others very little. Age has exacted its own, and one is conscious of the nearness of death, which cannot be far off. Simple arithmetic proves that my time is growing shorter and shorter."

* * *

ONE DOES NOT like to hear Tolstoi talk about his age. It would be more agreeable to think of him with years of usefulness still before him. The reporter who interviewed him noticed "that time had told upon him." He was decidedly thin, and his manner of walking showed plainly that he did not possess his former physical strength. His hands and legs trembled noticeably" and it was impossible not to detect in his speech "the unmistakable lisp of age." His eyes, however, still burn "with the clear fire of youth."

* * *

I SPOKE some time ago of an instrument by which the bones of the body, human or animal, could be photographed through the flesh: now along comes another instrument, which, when perfected, will be able to photograph the human voice. Experiments are being made at Columbia College by certain of its professors, and they are said to have this machine almost ready for public exhibition. It not only reproduces the human voice, but improves upon it. The inventors expect to make an instrument for voice production by the side of which the phonograph will be as a toy. Messrs. Abbey & Grau need no longer pay high prices for their singers; they will merely have to hire lay-figures to go through the motions, while the Columbia College voice-producer will furnish the music.

* * *

STILL ANOTHER wonderful invention is that of a telescope that can look around the corner. With this ingenious instrument you can see a man without being seen by him. All that is necessary now is an attachment by which the camera that can photograph through solid substances may be made to work with this telescope, so that a man may be photographed in his most unguarded moments.

Notes From Paris

THE PARIS Publishers' Club has just closed, in its pretty home in the Boulevard Saint-Germain, its annual exhibition of the French output of books during 1895. Three score houses participated, including all the leading Paris firms and two or three from the provinces. What most struck me was the quality and quantity of the art work. Lévy was represented by an illustrated edition of Alexandre Dumas's "Ilka," the originals of several of Marold's water-colors being on view. Simonis Empis sent a number of "albums en couleurs," full of French spirit and Rabelaisian fun. Stork of Lyons, also, made an excellent showing of artistic publications. The venerable firm of Firmin-Didot placed at the head of its list a quarto of 600 pages, filled with pictures, and commemorative of the fourteenth centennial of the baptism of Clovis. Hachette, Delagrave and several other houses likewise did their part in keeping up the high reputation for producing beautiful illustrated works enjoyed so long by French publishers.

Manne of Tours offered a more than ordinarily notable exhibit in this same department; for he it is who is bringing out James Tissot's great illustrated edition of the Gospels, a work by no means unknown in the United States, where a leading magazine has devoted more than one article to it during the last two or three years. The book is well under way, and every promise is given of its being completed within a reasonable length of time. It is evident from the specimens shown here that the reduction and reproduction of the artist's remarkable water-colors preserve all the fine qualities of the originals, photography coming to the aid of heliogravure and chromolithography in a marvelous manner in the hands of such skilful printers as the Lemerciers. The publishers did not hesitate to place the originals and the reproductions side by side, and artist and printer may congratulate each other on the success of their joint effort.

The fertility of the French mind and the greatness of Paris as a book-producing centre were also strongly brought out at this exhibition, where tables fairly groaned under the weight of scores of solid volumes issued during the single past year. Thus, Alcan's list of works on philosophy, social science, history, etc., filled four pages of the catalogue; Baillière's scientific books—largely medical—four pages; Berger-Levrault's, on military and naval subjects, another four; and Gauthier-Villars's, on similar topics, as many more; while in the lighter walks of literature, Ernest Flammarion, Paul Ollendorff, Hetzel, Plon (who offered, among many other publications, a substantial addition to his tempting collection of memoirs,) and two or three others, gave evidence of having had equally teeming presses during the last twelvemonth.

I spent an hour, the other day, in the studio of M. René Peyrol, the artist—nephew of Rosa Bonheur. He informs me that his celebrated aunt has just finished a large canvas representing a combat between two stallions, and that her relatives were rather anxious because of the activity which she threw into this work; for Rosa Bonheur, it should be remembered, is now seventy-four, has to wear glasses when she paints, and to remain standing, which, added to the fact that she has grown stouter with the years, renders labor at the easel pretty fatiguing. I was sorry to learn that no further progress had been made on the gigantic picture which she began a score or more years ago, representing horses treading out grain, and which is over five yards high and as long in proportion. It was all painted in, some time back, but has not been touched for many a year, and will probably never be finished. And yet, 300,000 francs await the artist the moment she signs this canvas—a superb example of her well-known contempt for money. As I was leaving him, M. Peyrol pointed out to me, in the show-room downstairs, where his father superintends the founding and selling of the bronze productions of this wonderfully artistic family—Rosa Bonheur's father, her brothers and sister and several of their relatives and descendants were, or are, either painters, or sculptors, or both—a little marble ram which is unique in many ways, for it is the only piece of sculpture in stone ever executed by Rosa Bonheur. It is the original, and no copy has been made of it. Add to this the facts that it is an exceedingly artistic bit of work, and that its author will almost

certainly never touch the chisel again, and you will understand why I call your attention to it. Some admirer of Rosa Bonheur and friend of the Metropolitan Museum ought to place it there, especially as the price asked for it strikes me as very reasonable.

I notice that the Paris papers say that many distinguished men-of-letters attended poor Verlaine's funeral last week. That was not my opinion. I was at the picturesque old church, Saint-Étienne du Mont, and saw about everybody who came in; and I then and there made a mental note to the effect that French men-of-letters had not done their duty by this unfortunate Latin-Quarter troubadour. The minor poets were out in force, and the eye was really struck by the number of uncommon heads and faces, some of which were simply astounding, and most of which bore plainly the stamp of the *genus irritable vatum*. But the truly great names were few, though one or two did appear at the cemetery, I believe, whither I did not go. Jean Richepin was the best-known author I remarked at the church. The Franco-American poet, Francis Viéle-Griffin, as he prints his name—a son of Gen. Viele, the New York politician, was naturally there, for he belongs to the Verlaine school. The catafalque was raised right under the beautiful *jubé*, the gem of Saint-Étienne du Mont, and a masterpiece in its way. This and the clear, sunny sky, after days of mugginess and fog, were the features of Verlaine's burial that would most have touched his heart, if it could then have beaten again.

Oxford University, Pennsylvania University, Cornell and several other institutions, both in Europe and America, made offers for the Renan library. When the collection was carefully examined by M. Leroux, the Paris book-expert, it was not found so rich and valuable as Mme. Renan imagined it to be, and as I described it in these columns, on her representation, some two years ago. I understand that the National Library does not receive it with extraordinary enthusiasm, for that great collection already possesses much of the same sort as that with which Mme. Lévy now presents it, and is fearfully crowded for room. But M. Delisle doubtless feels that it does not behoove him to look a gift horse in the mouth.

The volume of correspondence between Renan and his favorite sister, parts of which appeared in some of the numbers of the *Revue de Paris*, last summer, is to be published in March, simultaneously in French and English. It will complete and explain that delightful volume, "My Sister Hélène," issued last fall, in which Renan paid such a tender tribute to this same woman, who was so dear to him.

PARIS, 17 Jan. 1896.

THEODORE STANTON.

London Letter

AT LAST, it seems, the publishers are actually to have an association to themselves. The thing has been in the air for weeks, there have been preliminary meetings and discussions, and there was even the hour in which the whole thing seemed likely to end in smoke. However, the vapor has materialized, and it really does seem as though the thing were now settled. A general meeting was held yesterday afternoon, and the foundation of the Society laid. The next thing is to proceed to the election of officers. There is a good deal of interest about the choice of a first President. It will probably lie between three—Mr. John Murray, Mr. Longman and Mr. Fred Macmillan, each alike eminently qualified for the post; and of the three, Mr. Macmillan is the most likely candidate. The whole formation of the association is eminently satisfactory. It is, as it were, a union of the younger and older branches of the business; for, while the leading firms will fitly take the initiative in future, it remains a fact that the general conception of the affair is due to Mr. William Heinemann, who now sees a substantial result from his reiterated, and occasionally excessive, jeremiads in the columns of the daily press. It is only to be hoped that the "hardships of publishing" will be checked by the administrations of the new Society. That there will be some good result from the move is inevitable.

The laws of copyright, one presumes, will be one of the first cares of the Publishers' Society; and truly, those same laws are hard to understand. Only this week we have had a curious example. *Black and White* purchased from an artist the right to reproduce in its "Academy Supplement" a certain picture which he was exhibiting at Burlington House. In the Academy catalogue this picture was priced at 250*l.* Well, *Black and White* reproduced it, as arranged, in the supplement in question, and, shortly afterwards, gave a second reprint of it in its ordinary issue. The artist proceeded against the paper for infringement of copy-

right, and claimed damages to the extent of 300*l.* His argument was that the picture had lost in value for reproduction purposes by being printed in the body of the periodical, and that the sum of 300*l.* represented the loss he had suffered. Various distinguished artists gave opinions in his favor, and he was awarded damages to the amount of a third of his claim. Does it not seem a little extraordinary that the value of a picture for purposes of reproduction should be held in the market to be at least as great as the worth of the original work of art? This, after all, is what comes of the perpetual increase of illustrated periodicals. It would have amused Sir Joshua Reynolds!

"Michael and His Lost Angel" has proved a sad frost and will be removed from the bills to-morrow. The suddenness of its failure leaves Mr. Forbes Robertson without a play sufficiently advanced for production; and Mr. Oscar Barrett will thus be enabled to play his pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe" twice a day, until the next play is in readiness. I understand that Mr. Forbes Robertson's new venture will be the translation of François Coppée's "Pour la Couronne," upon which Mr. John Davidson has been engaged for the last nine months. This is really a very fine play, and it is difficult to believe that it can fail. There are strong parts both for the men and the women; and that of Constantin Brancomir should afford Mr. Robertson excellent opportunities. There will be room for fitting scenic display; and the passage between father and son beside the beacon is human enough to engage the sympathies of any audience. I confidently believe that Mr. Forbes Robertson holds his trump card in "Pour la Couronne."

Miss Dorothea Baird (Trilby of the Haymarket) is to marry Mr. Henry Irving's oldest son. The engagement has been talked about for some time, but was only officially announced in the press this week. Young Mr. Irving has acting capacities, and is humorously like his father. I hear, however, that there is an undergraduate at Oxford—himself about to espouse the stage—who is even more like both of them, so to speak. This gentleman gave a private recital during the present week, at which he made a very favorable impression upon his hearers—almost all members of the dramatic profession. He is a facile mimic, and plays both comedy and tragedy indifferently well.

Mr. Rider Haggard ran down to Ledbury at the end of last week to open the Memorial Institute to Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The building is a handsome library, of Ledbury stone with heavy oak-timbering, and carries an imposing clock-tower. The nucleus of a library has already been deposited there, largely through the energy of Dr. Furnival, the well-known commentator upon Browning, who himself presented upwards of a hundred volumes. Mr. Haggard, who is always eloquent when aroused, is said to have spoken with a fine, straightforward fervor of the life and work of the author of "Aurora Leigh."

The latest recruit from the drama to literature is Mr. C. G. Compton, who has this week put forth his first novel, "Her Own Devices." Mr. Compton, who is a brother of Mr. Edward Compton, the well-known actor, was manager to Mr. Hare during the whole period of his tenancy of the Garrick Theatre, and has already published some individual stories in the magazines. He is a great student of the drama of the last century, is said to have a keen eye for character, and an active sense of construction. Now that Mr. Hare has given up his theatre, Mr. Compton is likely to bestow his entire attention upon literature.

LONDON, 24 Jan. 1896.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Chicago Letter

IT IS A strange experience to go into the galleries in the Art Institute where the paintings by Gustave Doré are hung, for it is not the exhibition that is interesting, but the crowd. Of a Saturday afternoon, especially, a multitude fills the rooms, and it is one unaccustomed to frequent them. In going from the other galleries to these, one is sensible of a curious hush, emphasizing the wonder and awe which pervade the spectators. It shows the power which religion still possesses even in this so-called sceptical age, for it is certainly the subjects of these pictures which are impressive, rather than the treatment. Doré had a dramatic way of presenting his ideas, and the love of contrast is evident everywhere. These qualities the crowd appreciates at a glance, and the bad composition and worse color are unseen or forgotten. As works of art, these huge crowded canvases cannot be seriously considered, but as illustrations they have a certain value, and there is a dignity of thought and feeling about them which uplifts them. Inevitably, though, one wonders at the hush in the rooms,

for in not one of these paintings does the figure of Christ seem potent or impressive. Yet it always stands in high light, in sharp contrast with the darkness about it, and none of the theatrical expedients to make it effective are missing. The "Ecce Homo" is almost grotesque in its effort to be impressive, and the other pictures are only less artificial. The decorative sense, which is absolutely necessary to make such stretches of canvas tolerable, is entirely absent. An enormous gambling-scene at Baden-Baden was never exhibited before, and the world would be the gainer if it were never exhibited again. And the religious pictures are much less impressive than Doré's illustrations in black-and-white. It is interesting to see them and to watch their effect upon the crowd, but it is a great mistake for the Art Institute to herald them in the way it does. The catalogue contains copious extracts from the most laudatory and indiscriminating reviews, which use emphatic adjectives as freely as though one did not have to pay for them. This collection comes here from the Doré Gallery in London.

A collection of paintings by Mr. August Franzén of New York has been placed in another room at the Institute. Several of them are portraits, the most successful being that of Mr. Eugene Field. It is fortunate that this one was painted, but I wish that it told the poet's story more frankly, with a finer sympathy. Still, it is a good piece of work and excellent in tone. So much cannot be said for the other portraits, the most ambitious of which represents a father and child, and is deplorable in drawing and characterization. There is a kind of childlike naïveté about Mr. Franzén's work, which is not without charm at times. But it too often becomes merely exasperating, or causes the most extraordinary and unwarranted departures from artistic usage. It is in his less pretentious work, especially in such direct transcripts from nature as the "Quarrel over Cards," that Mr. Franzén justifies himself most fully. This and the other bar-room scenes, of which there are several, have the directness and force of sincerity. And to the sincerity is given a true, artistic expression, which it would be well for Mr. Franzén to follow up.

CHICAGO, 28 Jan. 1896.

LUCY MONROE.

William Henry Furness

THE REV. DR. William Henry Furness, Pastor Emeritus of the First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia, died in that city on Jan. 30. He was born in Boston, 20 April 1802, and received his early education with Emerson, who was one year his junior. Throughout life he remained on terms of close friendship with the Concord seer. Another of his early school-mates was Mr. Samuel Bradford, and Emerson wrote in the seventies that the three "had agreed not to grow old, at least, to each other." Dr. Furness graduated from Harvard in 1820, and from the Cambridge Theological School in 1823. In 1824 he preached for the first time in Philadelphia, before the Unitarian Society, and on 12 Jan. 1825 was ordained its regular pastor, being the first to hold the place, although the Society itself had been founded in 1796. Throughout his long ministry, Dr. Furness was averse to controversies, restricting himself to the criticism of ideas, never of persons. Even in the bitterest days of the Unitarian struggle, he maintained this stand. As a preacher he stood very high; his face and bearing, voice and simple style of delivery all combined to make his preaching memorable. He was of a genial, liberal disposition, and took an interest in literature that was not weakened by advancing years, but reached from Sydney Smith to Fitzgerald's "Rubáiyát," from the early *Edinburgh* reviewers to Mary Wilkins.

Dr. Furness will be remembered also as one of the great champions of abolition. He threw himself into the movement with all his soul and influence, sacrificing personal friendships and braving social ostracism. He preached abolition from his pulpit, and worked for it in the land: he was one of the speakers at the famous meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society in New York in 1850, which led to the Ryders riot, and among his friends of those days may be mentioned Garrison, Charles Sumner, Harriet Martineau and Lucretia Mott. After the war, Dr. Furness devoted all his energies to the demonstration of the historical validity of the Gospels and the humanity of Jesus and the naturalness of His miracles. All his books were pervaded by this leading idea. Their list is a long one, and includes "Remarks on the Four Gospels," "Jesus and His Biographers," "History of Jesus," "Thoughts on the Life and Character of Jesus of Nazareth," "The Veil Partly Lifted," a translation of Schenkel's "Character of Jesus Portrayed," "The Unconscious Truth of

the Four Gospels," "Jesus," a translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell" and of Emma Seiler's "The Voice in Speaking"; "The Power of the Spirit Manifest in Jesus of Nazareth," "The Story of the Resurrection of Jesus Told Once More," "Verses from the German, and Hymns" and "The Faith of Jesus." Among his hymns is "Slowly by God's Hand Unfurled." His own favorite among his verses was a "Song of Old John Brown." To the list given above may be added a volume of family prayers, "Domestic Worship." He was, also, a constant contributor to *The Christian Examiner*.

Dr. Furness was married, in 1825, to Annis Pulling Jenks of Salem, Mass., who abided with him till several years after his resignation from the pulpit, in 1875. Of their children, the oldest died in early manhood; Dr. Horace H. Furness became the famous Shakespeare scholar; Mr. Frank Furness is an architect; and Mrs. Annis Lee Wister made a reputation as a translator of German literature. Dr. Furness continued to preach to his former congregation occasionally, in his capacity as pastor emeritus, and his venerable head was seen more than once in pulpits in this and other cities, even after he had passed his ninetieth birthday.

All the Philadelphia papers have paid generous tributes to his memory. The *Press* said:—"It was the high and singular privilege of Dr. Furness, in a brilliant youth, in a mature and fruitful middle age and through years prolonged far beyond all the fondest hopes of his friends, to stand before a great city as the visible representative of the higher agencies of society and the loftier spirit of religion. Every reform had in him a friend and every aspect of truth an advocate. In his creed charity was never forgotten and charity was for him more than any creed. He endured the asperities of religious controversy, but never shared them, and all the obloquy of the early days of abolition he faced without bitterness. A divine zeal burned through all those days of struggle, and neither the threat of the mob nor the perils of iniquitous law swayed him to conformity or stung him to reviling. As his years of service for his fellow-man multiplied and lengthened and bore fruit yet more abundantly, there grew up in the minds of men and will linger long in their memories the knowledge and influence of a man whose life stood for all that round of beneficent activity by which society is sanctified and saved from the degrading influence of a material civilization."

The Tennyson Beacon

WE HAVE RECEIVED the following communication, dated Freshwater Rectory, Isle of Wight, 17 Jan. 1896:—

"Dr. Merriman, chairman of the Tennyson Memorial Beacon Committee, presents his compliments to the editors of *The Critic* and begs to make most warm acknowledgment of their great kindness and help in securing subscriptions from American friends. The amount subscribed in America (£251.6.2) has been paid across, and, with that already raised in England and elsewhere, makes about £950. The Beacon Cross is being cut out of Cornish granite, and it is hoped that the whole work will be completed in the coming autumn."

Since forwarding the sum above credited, we have received the following contributions:—S. S. B., £2; Miss Baldwin's school, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania (additional), £2. Previously acknowledged, and forwarded, £1228.51. Total to date, £1232.51. Our subscription-list is now closed.

In our issue of December 28 a contribution of £5 should have been credited to Charles H. J. Goddard (not "Soddard").

Renan's Translator

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Will the reviewer of Renan's "Israel" kindly give a specimen-paragraph of the way he would like to have the book translated, so as to make his comments intelligible to the average reader? If he cannot, or will not, he only adds one more specimen to show the impotence of mere unfriendly criticism. What is the use of telling us what we all knew before—that Renan's French style has certain rare qualities which the translator does not readily catch: let us see him catch them himself on the fly. For their beauty is as evasive as the colors in a pigeon's neck. I have myself been haunted a fortnight by some phrase of his, before I hit on one that seemed a fair approach to it in English. But two thick octavos cannot be handled in that way; and if they could, it is likely that the rendering would have grown affected and intolerable. The accomplished lady who executed the translation did—under circumstances whose difficulty may only be

hinted at—not only a piece of honest and painstaking work, but one that can fairly be called heroic. Her version is, at the lowest reckoning, good readable English,—competent persons have thought it something better; and she has, at any rate, avoided the scandalous errors of the first three volumes, which were executed in England. The reviewer ought surely to have given her credit for that. What the public is subject to in this way, there is no guessing till you have put it to the test. In the popular version of the "Vie de Jésus," I have found, among countless others, "fisher-woman" for "adulteress" (*pecheresse*), "nests and holes" cut in the rock for "threshing-floors and oil-presses," and "Christ in the shades," for "the Umbrian Christ"—an epithet of St. Francis. It is something, for a person of high literary accomplishment, to have protected the public from such things as these. And I infer, from his last paragraphs, that the reviewer has found some of her chapters more, even, than passably readable.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. A FRIEND OF THE TRANSLATOR.

[I can only repeat the assertions already made. The care with which the translation was made was emphasized rather than denied, and it was expressly stated that Renan's style is peculiarly difficult to translate. But when the effort is made, we have a right to expect more of the spirit and charm of the original than can be found in these volumes. Moreover, an attack upon other translators can hardly be called an adequate defense of the one under discussion.—THE REVIEWER.]

Address of English to American Men and Women of Letters

(The Author, Jan. 1896)

THE FOLLOWING Address has been sent out by the Society of Authors for signature. As soon as possible it will be forwarded to the United States. Its importance will rest entirely on the weight of the names appended: it is earnestly hoped that all those men and women of English blood who have made themselves respected by their writings across the Atlantic will sign the paper:—

"At this crisis in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, when two paths lie before us, and on the choice between them depends the future of that race, it seems to be the plain duty of us who sign this paper, being followers of literature in Great Britain, to address upon the subject of that choice you who follow literature in the United States.

"There are two paths before us. One leads us we know not whither, but in the end through war with all its accompaniments of carnage, unspeakable suffering, limitless destruction, and hideous desolation to the inevitable sequel of hatred and bitterness and the disruption of our race. It is this path which we ask you to join with us in an effort to make impossible. The present is neither the time nor the place, nor are we the persons to deal with the crisis on its technical issues, but it should not be difficult for any of us as men and women of reading and imagination, not liable to be carried away by political passion, to understand the general bearings of the case on both sides. We, on our part, are prepared to understand that the United States, as the greatest nation in America, looks with proper jealousy on the extension of European powers of influence and territory on the American continent. And you, on your part, will not fail to realize that European Powers in general, and Great Britain in particular, have never made any effort to enlarge their dominions on your continent at any time within the past hundred years.

"But it is not on grounds of political equity that we now address you. We are united to you by many ties, and the first and closest of our ties is the bond of blood. We are proud of the United States. There is nothing in our history that has earned us more glory than the conquest of the vast American continent by the Anglo-Saxon race. When our pride is humbled by the report of some things which you do better than ourselves, it is also lifted up by the consciousness that you are our kith and kin. We see very much of you, and you see much of us. During the last quarter of a century the influx of American visitors to these shores has been very great, while every year sends more and yet more of our people across the Atlantic. There is hardly a household in this country without its American relations, its American friends, without its sons and daughters settled in America; and everywhere in England the American people are settled in their midst. Our public men go to you for the inspiration of your youthful nation, and you receive them with boundless hospitality. Your public men come to us for the interest of our ancient institu-

tions, and we welcome them as our brethren. There is no anti-American feeling among Englishmen, and it is impossible that there can be any anti-English feeling among Americans. For two such nations, then, to take up arms against each other would be civil war, not differing from your calamitous struggle of thirty years ago, except that the cause would be immeasurably less human, less tragic, and less inevitable.

"There is another tie that unites our nations, and more especially unites those of us who sign this paper and you who receive it—the tie of literature. Party problems may solve or exhaust themselves, burning questions may burn themselves out, but the literature which a great race, divided into two nations, holds as a joint inheritance will live on after the fever of political strife has passed away. But though it will live it may also suffer, and from nothing can a people take such injury to its moral nature as from the wounds and scars of its literature; if war should occur between England and America, English literature would be dishonored and disfigured for a century to come. The patriotic songs, the histories of victory and defeat, the records of humiliation and disgrace, the stories of burning wrong and unavenged insult, these would be branded deep into the hearts of our peoples, they would so express themselves in poems and novels and plays as to make it impossible for any of us who had lived through such a fratricidal war to take up again the former love and friendship.

"For the united Anglo-Saxon race that owns the great names of Cromwell and Washington; of Lincoln and Nelson; of Gordon and Grant; of Shakespeare and Milton; there is, we trust, such a future as no other race has yet had in the history of the world—a future that will be built on a confederation of Sovereign States, living in the strength of the same liberties. We ask you to join us in helping to protect that future. Poets and creators, scholars and philosophers, men and women of imagination and of vision, we call upon you in the exercise of your far-reaching influence to save our literature from dishonor and our race from lasting injury."

(Copyright, 1896: By the Tribune Association)

LONDON, Jan. 30.—The authors' tempest in a teapot is blowing over. There has been much unnecessary mystery over the Christmas address of English authors to their associates in America. It was first proposed by Sir Walter Besant to Sir W. Martin Conway, Chairman of the Committee of Management. The latter approved the idea and asked Sir Walter Besant to prepare an address in the interest of international peace. The address was written accordingly, and sent to Sir W. Martin Conway, who considered it too long, too controversial, and asked Mr. Hall Caine to revise it. With the approval of the author, Mr. Caine struck out certain portions and substituted other passages. The address was returned to Sir Walter Besant, who, with the sanction of Sir W. Martin Conway, sent it to Herbert Thring, Secretary of the Society of Authors. It was printed and sent to the members of the Society for signatures, the expense being met by Sir W. Martin Conway personally.

The address was also telegraphed to America, was published in full by the English press with favorable comments, but subsequently exception was taken to certain phrases which were criticized as undignified and unpatriotic. The point was raised that the Committee of Management had not been consulted, and that the use of the Society's official paper was unauthorized. Many hostile letters were published, and the authorship of the address was generally assigned to Mr. Caine, who had merely revised it. A meeting of the Committee of Management was held, at which a resolution condemning and repudiating the address was proposed. Sir Walter Besant strongly protested against this action as an affront to American authors, and threatened to resign from the Committee and Council. The opponents of the address, frightened by the possibility of the Society's disruption, adjourned the meeting. Sir Walter Besant was absent through illness from a subsequent meeting of the Committee, but sent a vigorous letter, again threatening resignation. The Committee converted the resolution into a harmless statement that the signers alone of the address were responsible for it, a fact which had been apparent from the beginning. The agitation of the question continued, the opponents of the address being apparently unconscious that they were making themselves ridiculous by cavilling over a peace message at a time when every minister of the Crown was delivering conciliatory speeches, and nobody in England wanted war with America.

Meanwhile Mr. Caine, who had been hard at work in the Isle of Man and had known nothing of what was going on, returned

to London to make a report to the Authors' Society on the subject of Canadian Copyright. Incredible as it may seem, there was talk of taking unseemly advantage of this meeting and raising the question of the authors' address as a rider to the copyright discussion. At a previous meeting of the Committee of Management, H. Rider Haggard had been elected Chairman, and the decision had been reached that the burning question of the authors' address should not be discussed. Mr. Caine was well received and nobody would have supposed that a large proportion of those present had come to the meeting expecting that there would be an old-fashioned row over the authors' address.

Since that meeting efforts have been made to pour oil on the troubled waters. Sir Walter Besant will not persist in withdrawing from the Society founded by him unless the discussion over the authors' address be renewed in an offensive form at the meeting in the middle of February.

The next issue of *The Author* will contain a plain statement of the facts from Sir Walter Besant respecting the circumstances in which the address was issued and signed by 600 authors. It will show that Mr. Caine's part in the transaction was merely that of reviser, who had nothing to do with the circulation of the address, and that, apart from the irregularity in the Secretary's use of officially marked stationery, there was nothing to apologize for in the whole of the transaction. The address was a message of good-will from English authors to their fellow craftsmen in America and was in harmony with the moral sentiment of both countries. Carping critics, who have been sneering at the phrasing and splitting hairs over technicalities and making much ado about nothing, alone have reason to be ashamed. By their actions they have contrived to convert an instrument of good-fellowship into a bone of contention. They have succeeded by taking much of the grace out of the originally graceful and affectionate address which was honorable to all concerned in it. I. N. F.

See Mr. Waugh's London Letter in *The Critic* of Feb. 1.

The Jew in America

THE AMERICAN Jewish Historical Society is about to start an investigation of the history of the Jews in America in the earliest Colonial period. Authentic records thus far go back only to the year 1750, but it is known that the Jew was prominent on this continent at a much earlier period, Governor Peter Stuyvesant, for instance, having been one of his bitterest enemies. Dr. Kayserling of Budapest published last year a book in which it was demonstrated that there were Jews on board Columbus's ship, among them being his physician. The only Jewish congregation in New York at the outbreak of the Revolution divided on the question of patriotism, the consequence being that the synagogue was closed for thirteen years (till 1789). Many of its members joined the Continental Army. The Society has already the nucleus of a fund for the purpose of sending experts to Holland, England, Spain and Portugal to search the archives and documents of these countries, and it intends to put the results into a connected historical work. The Jews early rose to affluence in tolerant Holland, and the former and present possessions of that country in Brazil and the West Indies will be diligently searched. It is expected, also, that some interesting discoveries will be made among the old documents in this country—those of the Dutch Reformed Church in this city, for instance.

The cost of this undertaking will be enormous, but the Society evidently feels sure that the funds will be forthcoming. Dr. Kayserling's investigation, referred to above, the expenses of which were paid by Mr. Oscar Straus of this city, cost not less than \$10,000 before the end was reached. The discoveries in this field which experts with leisure and money at their command cannot fail to make will be expected with considerable interest by others besides the members of the Society.

Educational Notes

A CITIZENS' COMMITTEE on Public School Reform has been organized in this city by Messrs. Abram S. Hewitt, Elihu Root, Stephen S. Olin, J. Kennedy Tod and Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler. *The Critic* pointed out, last week, the threatened danger of the passage of the Strauss Bill, and now calls pointed attention to this Committee. New Yorkers having the good of public education in this city at heart can give no better evidence thereof than by joining the movement. Declarations of their desire to aid

the good cause should be sent to Mr. S. H. Olin, 32 Nassau Street. Organization was effected at a meeting at the home of the City Club, on Thursday night.

Mrs. Esther Hermann has given \$10,000 to the endowment fund of the New York Botanical Garden, thus bringing it up to \$260,000. Mr. J. R. Pitcher has presented \$5000 worth of plants.

The Society of Colonial Dames of the State of New York has offered three prizes, of \$50, \$30 and \$20, with silver medals, for the three best essays on American Colonial history written by pupils of the Normal College and the Training School. The competition will take place in April. The Society intends to extend its activities gradually to other educational institutions in the State.

At their monthly meeting of Feb. 3, the Trustees of Columbia College adopted the following resolution:—"That in all official publications hereafter issued by or under authority of the Trustees, all the departments of instruction and research maintained and managed by this corporation may, for convenience, be designated collectively as 'Columbia University,' and the School of Arts, as the same is now known and described, may hereafter be designated as 'Columbia College,' or 'The College.'" It was also decided that the public dedication of the new site of the University shall take place on May 2. Ex-Mayor Hewitt, class of '42, has been invited to deliver the oration, and LaFayette Post, G. A. R., will present a flag to the institution. Mr. John F. Plummer, Jr., was appointed Assistant Secretary of the University, and Dr. Walton Martin, Assistant Demonstrator in Anatomy.

The Dartmouth College Association of New York held its annual dinner at the Waldorf on Jan. 31. The Rev. Dr. William J. Tucker, President of the College, was the speaker of the evening. About ninety members were present.

The Library Committee of the Consolidated Library of New York has resolved not to purchase the Hubert Howe Bancroft Library of San Francisco. This Library contains 15,300 volumes, and is said by its author to be worth \$500,000, though he offered to sell it for \$300,000. Mr. Bancroft has kept it as a free public library in San Francisco at his own expense, but finds the cost too high.

The Hamilton College Alumni dinner took place at the Hotel Savoy on Feb. 4. The Rev. Dr. M. W. Stryker, President of the College, was the guest of the evening.

President G. Stanley Hall has made an inquiry of 10,000 teachers and superintendents of public schools concerning the actual status of teachers and the schools in every part of the Union. The replies from the best-informed men in every state throw vivid light on the excessive size of classes, the instability of great masses of teachers, the insecurity of their positions, in some communities the petty political and religious interference, and other matters that are startling and shocking. A summary of the results of this inquiry will appear in *The Atlantic* for March.

The inauguration of Mr. George F. Maclean, Ph.D., LL.D., as Chancellor of the University of Nebraska will take place on Feb. 14.

The Greek Government has granted to the American School of Classical Studies at Athens the sole right of excavating at Corinth, for which the successive directors of the institution had applied for some years in vain. The possible importance of this grant can hardly be overestimated, and it is to be hoped that the funds required for the purpose (\$10,000), for which Prof. Benjamin Ide Wheeler asks, will be readily subscribed.

Miss Helen Gould has sent \$8000 to Vassar College to found a scholarship to be named, in memory of her mother, the Helen Day Gould Scholarship. This is to be used for the aid of worthy students who need assistance, Miss Gould reserving the right to nominate the holder.

The new public library of Stratford, Conn., was dedicated on Jan. 16. The building was presented by Mr. Birdseye Blakeman.

The will of the late Ezekiel J. Donnell directs that, in case his only daughter leaves no issue, his estate, amounting to over \$600,000, shall go to the New York Free Circulating Library.

Mr. Charles Butler, President of the Council of the University of the City of New York, has leased, for the University, to the American Book Co., the first to the seventh floors, basements, sub-basements and vaults of the newly erected University Building, in University Place, for a term of twenty-five years and upward, at an annual rental of \$40,000. The three remaining floors of the building will be reserved for the University.

Notes

IN ANOTHER column ("Notes from Paris") a brief account is given of the exhibition of the French books of 1895, just closed at the house of the Publishers' Club in Paris. The show is an annual one; and we would respectfully suggest to the publishers of New York a similar annual display of their new books at some convenient hall near the publishing centre in this city. The attempt should be made next season. It could not fail to be a success.

—In its review of the books of 1895, *The Publishers' Weekly* says that the year just past has been the most productive the American book-trade has ever known. It registered 5469 books, of which 368 were new editions. In 1894 the total output was only 4484 books, showing an increase of nearly twenty-five per cent. The gain shown by the *Weekly's* statistics agrees with *The Critic's* own record. The activities of the English publishers for the same period, as given in the London *Publishers' Circular*, resulted in the publication of 6516 books—an increase of only thirty-one over 1894. The statistics compiled by the *Bibliographie de la France*, on the other hand, indicate a decrease across the Channel from 13,007 books in 1894 to 12,927 books.

—Julian Hawthorne has arrived in this city from his Jamaica home. His \$10,000 prize-story, "A Fool of Nature," will be published by the Messrs. Scribner, who will restore to it the 20,000 words cut out for purposes of serial publication in the *Herald*. Mr. Hawthorne wrote the story in nineteen days, which means that he earned \$500 per diem on eighteen successive days, and \$1000 on the nineteenth. The Messrs. Harper will publish Miss Mollie Elliot Seawell's \$3000 *Herald* prize-story.

—Seven volumes are to be added to the Edinburgh Edition of Stevenson's works to make it complete. This will bring the edition up to twenty volumes, four more than are in the Thistle Edition, though not necessarily containing more matter.

—"Sunrise Stories" is the attractive title of a new book on the literature of Japan in preparation for early publication by the Messrs. Scribner. The authors, Messrs. Tozo Takayanagi and Roger Riordan, have treated the subject not only scientifically, but sympathetically and poetically as well. The historical and political environment of Japanese literature receives careful attention, so that the reader obtains a view of Japanese habits of thought, and the principles of philosophy and religion which are embodied in the literature.

—The Messrs. Scribner will publish "Irralie's Bushranger," a new Australian story, by E. W. Hornung, who is a young English writer with a future; a new biography of Mme. Roland, by Ida M. Tarbell; "The Jewish Scriptures: The Story of their Origin and History in the Light of the Latest Criticism," by Amos K. Fiske of the *Times*; and "The Book of a Hundred Games," by Mary White, which contains some of the new games invented by a club devoted to that highly laudable pursuit.

—Mr. William Astor Chanler's account of his exploring expedition to northeastern Africa will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in the spring. The book will be illustrated with amateur photographs.

—"A History of the Postal Packet Service" during the French War, from 1793 to 1815, by Mr. Arthur H. Norman, mainly from official records, is announced by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., who will publish, also, a historical novel, "Two Queens," translated from the German of Baron Simolin, the son of the famous Count Simolin who rendered such signal services to Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark and Queen Marie Antoinette, and who came into possession of several private letters and diaries entrusted by that ill-fated queen to Count Fersen. Prof. Max Müller contributes a preface.

—"The Non-Hereditability of Inebriety," by Leslie E. Keeley, M.D., LL. D., is in the press of S. C. Griggs & Co. The author endeavors to show that inebriety is a disease.

—J. B. Lippincott Co. announce "The Autobiography of a Professional Beauty," by Elizabeth Phipps Train, author of the successful "Social Highwayman"; "Cameos," a volume of short stories, by Marie Corelli; "When Greek Meets Greek," a tale of the French Revolution, by Joseph Hatton; and "The Light that Lies," a group of "facetious tales on the love-making of some bashful persons and others," by Cockburn Harvey. The publishers announce Mr. Harvey's book as a "volumette." We hope that they will drop at once from their vocabulary this abominable hybrid, coined probably in a moment of deep mental depression.

—Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is going to Beardsleize Pope's "The Rape of the Lock." There are a good many people who owe Pope a grudge; now they will be satisfied.

—Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. will republish the illustrated edition of Alphonse Daudet's novels, originally issued by the Messrs. Routledge, in a style in keeping with the traditions of the house of Dent. The Routledge edition was pretty enough for most readers, which makes us anxious to see if the Messrs. Dent can improve upon it.

—The Queen of Italy is about to publish her experiences as a climber in the Alps. The illustrations, also, will be by Her Majesty.

—Dr. Robertson Nicoll learns from the Cape that Mrs. Olive Schreiner has postponed the publication of her new story on account of ill-health. The book is finished, but the author does not seem to think that it is quite ready for publication yet.

—The first instalment of the biography of Charlotte Brontë, upon which Mr. Clement K. Shorter and Dr. Robinson Nicoll are at work, will shortly appear in *The Woman at Home*. It will deal with Mrs. Gaskell and Charlotte Brontë. The biography is avowedly a supplement to Mrs. Gaskell's—that and nothing more.

—Mr. Elbert Hubbard has put "The Song of Songs Which Is Solomon's" into dramatic form and will publish it at the Roycroft Printing Shop at East Aurora. We have seen specimen-pages of the book and can vouch for its handsome appearance.

—In 1884 the late Eugene Field wrote a story which he called "The Werewolf." A year afterward he rewrote it. In 1886 he revised it, and during the nine years between that time and last November he rewrote it eight times. His last revision pleased him, and he decided to print it; but death came, and the story was found among his effects. Mrs. Field has given the story to *The Ladies' Home Journal*, in which magazine all of Mr. Field's work, except his newspaper articles, was presented to the public. It will appear in the next issue, with illustrations by Mr. Howard Pyle.

—It is said that just before his death Paul Verlaine was engaged upon a collection of poetry which he desired to call "Livre Posthume," as though anticipating his fate. The volume will soon appear, and will contain all the metrical work left by the poet. It is possible that his unfinished drama in verse, "Louis XVII.," will be added to this collection. The publication of his correspondence is also hinted at.

—Mrs. Cornelius, Charles Dickens's old and faithful servant, who was the first person named in his will, died recently at the age of seventy-five.

—The town of Nuneaton, George Eliot's birthplace, does not possess a library. A movement has been started now to establish there a George Eliot Memorial Library. Readers of her books everywhere are requested to subscribe money and present books for the building. Persons desiring to contribute, or who wish to know more about the plan, may address Mr. A. F. Cross, editor of the *Observer*, at Nuneaton.

—The Rev. Dr. Talbot Wilson Chambers, senior pastor of the Collegiate Dutch Church of this city, died on Feb. 3. He was born in Carlisle, Penn., 25 Feb. 1819, and was installed one of the pastors of the Church in Dec. 1849. He was for many years Chairman of the Committee on Versions of the American Bible Society, a member of the Old Testament Company of the American Bible Revision Committee, and a Trustee of Rutgers and Columbia Colleges. The list of his works includes "The Noon Prayer-Meeting of the North Dutch Church, Fulton Street, New York"; "A Memoir of the Life and Character of the late Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen"; "The Psalter a Witness to the Divine Origin of the Bible" and "A Companion to the Revised Version of the Old Testament."

—A movement has been started for a series of subscription performances, at Palmer's Theatre, of François Coppée's "Pour la Couronne," beginning on Feb. 11. The translation is by Charles Renaud, and the cast will include Edward Vroom, Rose Coghlan, Maud Harrison, Olive West, Charles Craig, Charles Kent, John A. Lane, Benjamin Horning, Harry Allen and F. M. Paget. The season will last four weeks, and other plays will be produced. One hundred subscriptions have already been obtained. The affair is under the management of Mr. G. G. Vroom, 533 Fifth Avenue, to whom subscriptions (\$2 per ticket) may be sent. (See London Letter, third paragraph.)

—Richard Mansfield proposes to give up acting during the season beginning in January 1897, and to make a lecturing-tour instead. He will speak on "The Actor's Life" and "The Actor's Art."

—France has entered a protest against the adoption of the Canadian Copyright Act, or of any compromise (including Mr. Hall Caine's) that is based upon the manufacturing clause. A copy of the protest has been sent to every government that accepted the Berne Convention. According to Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, Secretary of the American Copyright League, this protest "is a matter which only indirectly concerns the United States." He does not think, moreover, that the threat of exclusion from the benefits of the Berne Convention will prevent Canada from passing the proposed measure. At a recent meeting of the Society of Authors in London, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, true to his record, again denounced the International Copyright Act of 1891. His declaration that he spoke in the name of 300 American authors should be taken with a great many pinches of salt.

Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, always give its number.

QUESTIONS

1801.—Can any of your readers give information concerning *The New York Magazine, or Literary Repository?* It was published for several years from 1790 by the Messrs. Swords of New York City. It has some curious engravings of American places and persons, and its letterpress is both selected and original. It gives special attention to political and theatrical events. In the volumes I have seen, those of 1795, 1796, 1797, there are articles upon Jay's Treaty, the inauguration of President Adams and the text of Joel Barlow's "Hasty Pudding."

NEW YORK.

J. H.

ANSWERS

1787.—In pursuing the subject of the oldest mention of the Northern Lights in literature, I send the following extracts (pp. 927 and 930) from my copy of the great work on Astrology published in London, 1791, by E. Sibly, M. D., F. R. H. S.

"This kind of meteor never appears near the equator, and was so rare in England, that none are recorded in our annals since that remarkable one, November 14, 1574, till the surprising *Aurora Borealis*, March 6, 1716, which appeared for three nights successively, and put the whole Kingdom into the utmost consternation, terrifying brutes as well as men. In the years 1707 and 1708, five small ones were



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observed in little more than eighteen months. The ancients, it is plain, never saw this phenomenon; nor did it ever occur in their days, since no mention whatever is made of it in their writings, nor is any notice taken of it in the records of the modems until the year 1574, which is the first time I believe that the *Aurora Borealis* ever made its appearance in the world."

As Doctor Sibly was a very erudite man, I consider his word conclusive as regards the Aurora in ancient and modern literature; but I have reasons for believing that the Aurora illuminated the heavens ages before a human eye existed.

NEW YORK.

N. H. LAIDLAW.

Publications Received

Appletons' Library Catalogue: 1896.	D. Appleton & Co.
Barry, J. A. <i>On the Use of Accent to Distinguish Parts of Speech</i> .	Privately Printed.
Ballantine, Wm. G. <i>Inductive Logic</i> .	Ginn & Co.
Baring-Gould, S. <i>Curiosities of Olden Times</i> \$1.50.	Thomas Whitaker.
Batten, J. M. <i>Random Thoughts</i> .	Published for the Author.
Birchenough, Mrs. <i>Disturbing Elements</i> . \$1.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Butler, J. <i>Works of</i> . Ed. by W. E. Gladstone. 3 vols. \$7.	Macmillan & Co.
Chambers, G. F. <i>Story of the Solar System</i> . 40c.	D. Appleton & Co.
Chambers, H. E. <i>Constitutional History of Hawaii</i> . 25c.	Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Conant, Levi L. <i>The Number Concept</i> . \$2.	Macmillan & Co.
Crawford, F. Marion. <i>The Novel—What It Is</i> . 25c.	Macmillan & Co.
Crawford, F. Marion. <i>A Tale of a Lonely Parish</i> . 50c.	Macmillan & Co.
Daggett, Mrs. C. S. <i>Mariposa</i> .	Rand, McNally & Co.
Dickens, Charles. <i>A Tale of Two Cities, and The Mystery of Edwin Drood</i> . \$1.	Macmillan & Co.
Ecclesiasticus. Ed. by R. G. Moulton. 50c.	Macmillan & Co.
Falkner, J. Meade. <i>The Lost Stradivarius</i> . \$1.	D. Appleton & Co.
Fothergill, C. <i>Comedy of Cecilia</i> . \$1.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Frasier, William. <i>Napoleon III. (My Recollections)</i> .	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Godley, A. D. <i>Socrates</i> . \$1.75.	Macmillan & Co.
Harris, H. H. <i>Three Lectures on Missions</i> . 50c.	Amer. Baptist Pub. Soc.
Johnson, T. G. <i>Marces</i> . 50c.	Macmillan & Co.
Kinsley, William W. <i>Old Faiths and New Facts</i> . \$1.50.	D. Appleton & Co.
Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century. Ed. by W. Robertson Nicoll and Thomas J. Wise.	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Lydgate, John. <i>English Studies (No. 1): The Assembly of Gods</i> . Ed. by O. L. Triggs.	University of Chicago Press.
Marcou, Jules. <i>Life, Letters and Works of Louis Agassiz</i> . 3 vols. \$4.	Macmillan & Co.
March, Thomas. <i>History of the Paris Commune of 1871</i> . \$2.	Macmillan & Co.
Mahaffy, J. P. <i>The Empire of the Ptolemies</i> . \$3.50.	Macmillan & Co.
Moulton, R. G. <i>Literary Study of the Bible</i> .	D. C. Heath & Co.
Molloy, J. F. <i>An Excellent Knave</i> . 50c.	Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Norway, Arthur H. <i>History of the Post-office Packet Service Between the Years 1793-1815</i> . \$3.50.	Macmillan & Co.
Ohnet, Georges. <i>Le Chant du Cygne</i> . Ed. by A. H. Solin.	Maynard, Merrill & Co.
Pash, R. C. S. <i>Fire and Sword in the Sudan</i> . Tr. by F. R. Wingate.	New York: Edward Arnold.
Peddie, William. <i>A Manual of Physics</i> . \$2.50.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Pennell, Joseph. <i>Illustration of Books</i> .	Century Co.
Peacock, T. Love. <i>Headlong Hall and Nightmare Abbey</i> . \$1.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Prescott, W. H. <i>The Conquest of Mexico</i> . 30c.	Maynard, Merrill & Co.
Salter, Edgar. <i>Mary Magdalene</i> . 50c.	United States Book Co.
Schrammen, Johannes. <i>Legends of German Heroes</i> . 40c.	Maynard, Merrill & Co.
Sully, James. <i>Studies of Childhood</i> . \$2.50.	D. Appleton & Co.
Textor, Lucy E. <i>Official Relations Between the United States and the Sioux Indians</i> .	Palo Alto, Cal.: Pub. by the University.

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